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A HOLLOW MOCKERY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY FRANK J. OTTARSON.

Sometimes a sound of hollow mirth
Comes to the weary listener's ear;
Not like the merriment whose birth
Savors of surreptitious beer;
Not like that gushing of the heart
That never knew what sorrow means;
No, it is mirth that acts a part—
It is "the laugh behind the scenes."

The make-believers are not gay,
Their spirits are not really light;
The laugh is measured by the pay,
Which may be fifty cents a night;
They stand within the prompter's view—
These unknown Joneses, Browns and Greens—
Waiting and watching for the cue
To raise "the laugh behind the scenes."

Some of the laughter comes from cheeks
Whose deep vermilion-coated skin
Conceals the well-marked, furrowed streaks
Of sorrow burning deep within;
Among them all no jest is heard
To raise the mirth that supervenes;
The stern old prompter gives the word
That starts "the laugh behind the scenes."

One laugher has a landlord's bill
He's daily importuned to pay;
Another's wife at home is ill;
Another's daughter died that day;
Another, with a throbbing head,
Against the wing distracted leans:
No matter, each must earn his bread
And join "the laugh behind the scenes."

Life is a mockery confessed;
Our laughter often has its source
In what would prove a mournful jest
If we could trace its secret course;
For most of us the laugh would turn
Were we to question what it means;
It is not, therefore, wise to learn
Too much of what's behind the scenes.

ONE NIGHT'S CRIME;

OR,

A FATAL PASSION.

(LA FILLE MAUDITE.)

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH OF EMILE RICHEBOURG, FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY DUDLEY WINTHROP MOORE.

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PART THE THIRD AND LAST.—THE MYSTERIES OF SEUILLON.

CHAPTER X.—THE TWO WORTHIES.

"Well," said old Parisel, "you saw the girl? Does she say that our dear old cousin thinks of kicking the bucket soon?"

"No; but, from what she informs me, I judge that Jacques is about to make his will."

"By thunder! if I thought that ——"

"What would you do?"

"I don't know," and a sinister light shone in the old man's eyes; "but I should not allow myself to be disinherited."

"Rest assured that he contemplates providing for Jean Renaud's daughter, and that he will do whatever else Rouvenat wishes. By-the-way, Rouvenat has gone to Paris, and Mellier has written to his notary. A marriage-contract is in question."

"Ahah! Mellier thinks of marrying in order to disinherit us more readily."

"No; it is Blanche who is going to marry! It is to get Blanche married to the high-toned puppy who came here a short time ago and fell in love with her that Rouvenat has gone to Paris, to which place the young adventurer had preceded him. I have discovered this not alone through Gertrude, but also through one of the servants at the inn of the Two Dogs, whom I got into a babbling mood."

"If this young man of Paris is as poor as you believe, I am surprised that Mellier and Rouvenat should consent to give Blanche to him."

"Blanche loves him, which is one reason; but there is a better. Anyone would gladly marry the heiress of Seuillon, Jacques Mellier's daughter, but not the daughter of a murderer, even were she given a dowry of one hundred thousand francs. Rouvenat understands this perfectly. The Parisian dandy will be less particular, and the figures of the dowry will hush whatever prejudices he may have."

"You talk like a lawyer," said the father.

"Certain, this time, of there being no risk in telling that Blanche is the daughter of Jean Renaud, Rouvenat has decided to marry her, and that's why he went to Paris."

Walking slowly and conversing in an undertone—for they knew that even in the middle of the night there might be listening ears—they had reached the hedge surrounding the garden of the shepherd's house. They sat down upon the trunk of an old pear-tree.

"What you have just told me is not at all comforting," resumed old Parisel. "Mellier doesn't love us a bit, and I begin to fear that he really intends to give all to Jean Renaud's daughter."

"You can expect nothing else."

Parisel rolled his eyes in a frightful manner.

"When I think that in the iron chest in his room he has more than two hundred thousand francs in money and negotiable paper ——"

"It isn't for you—it's for Blanche—her dowry."

"Francois," continued Parisel, lowering his voice still more, "had I what there is in that chest, it seems to me that I would willingly forego the rest. When will Rouvenat return?"

"I don't know—in two or three days."

"Mellier is alone, and he sleeps like a log at night. One could enter his room without waking him. He still keeps the key of his chest in his vest-pocket, and one might take it while he sleeps, open the chest, and ——"

"What if he awoke?"

"So much the worse for him!"

"Well, you might risk it. If we succeed, we have a fortune!"

"And we will make for foreign parts. The frontier is only a few steps from here."

"We will divide, of course."

"Yes, upon one condition."

"And that is ——"

"You must manage to see the dairymaid during the day, and get her to let us in the farm-house to-morrow night."

"That is done already. To-morrow night, on the stroke of twelve, she will open the little garden-door."

Parisel looked at his son with surprise.

"So! we both had the same idea?" questioned the father.

"No; I have another."

"May I know it?"

"We will enter the house together."

"Certainly."

It was at this point in the conversation between the two worthies that Lucile reached the hedge and lay down in the grass.

Francois' eyes glistened like a tiger's, and he replied with a fiendish expression of countenance:

"I shall pay pretty Blanche a visit. I have sworn that she shall be forced to marry me; so, to-morrow night ——"

"Francois, your mad passion for this girl will ruin us completely. She does not love you; she will cry out—she will call for help."

"Well, then, I'll choke her!" cried the son, with rage.

"I repeat it, lunatic, you will ruin us."

"I fear nothing—not I. Even the executioner and the guillotine would not stop me. So, while you are at work in the old man's room, I shall attend Blanche."

"They will then know that we took the money!"

"That they will suspect in any case. The money and Blanche once in our power, we shall hold them fast, and they will be only too happy to accept our terms."

"And where will you hide the girl?"

"There are plenty of secret caves in the mountain. But we've said enough for the present; let's be off."

The two rose and walked away.

CHAPTER XI.

WHAT JEAN RENAUD ASKS OF HIS DAUGHTER.

When the sound of the steps had died away, Lucile sprang up by the hedge, her eyes flashing with indignation. She had not lost a single word of the last remarks of father and son.

"And they call such things men!" she murmured in disgust. "Men? Not they! They are ferocious beasts. Ah, it was God who inspired me with the desire to go to the window! He enjoins me to protect Jean Renaud's daughter—and protect her I shall. Ah, Rouvenat! if you but knew what was hanging over Blanche's head, over the child of your heart, bitterly would you repent your generosity!"

She returned to the house, closed the door and window, and threw herself upon the bed, but not to sleep. In order not to frighten Blanche's father, she resolved to keep her own counsel on what she had heard. The same sentiment that had prevented Rouvenat from denouncing her odious relatives after their attempt on his life made her loth to become now their accuser. She passed the rest of the night in endeavoring to think of some plan by which she could save Blanche without assistance, and at last an idea came to her which she eagerly seized.

Meanwhile Jean Renaud, thinking that Lucile slept, had gone to the farm-house. After walking a moment in the court he entered the garden.

Blanche, who had risen earlier than usual, was making her morning-toilet. Having approached her window and espied her father, she hastened to arrange her long golden tresses, threw on a pretty wrapper, and an instant later she was in the garden. She took Renaud's hand, and, without uttering a word, led him to the arbor. Then she said in an adorable voice:

"Good-morning, papa. Nobody can see us here. Embrace your daughter."

And she threw her arms around the old man's neck. Renaud clasped her to his breast and covered her brow with kisses.

"How I love you! how happy I am!" whispered the child. "It was in this arbor that Francois Parisel told me that I was your daughter. And I thought I should die. I fell there senseless."

"Blanche, my daughter, let us speak no more of the past, but of the future. But I should like a favor of you. Are there not in the house some effects that belonged to Lucile Mellier?"

"All that belonged to her has been preciously preserved in a wardrobe in my godfather's room."

"Then there are dresses, linen ——"

"Yes; not a thing was given away."

"Well, my dear, I should like to have one of Lucile's dresses—the plainest one, as dark as possible; besides, a shawl or a neckerchief—such a thing as a woman wears over her shoulders—a pair of stockings, shoes; in fine, a complete change of clothes."

The young girl looked at her father in great surprise.

"I met yesterday a very unfortunate woman, dressed in nothing but rags," continued Jean Renaud, replying to his daughter's questioning look; "so I want to make her this present."

"Since you make the request, I will do it. I'll put up a bundle, and by-and-bye ——"

"I should like to have it at once, Blanche. It won't take you long to get these various articles together. I'll wait for you here. You may also put in the bundle a few hairpins, a comb—whatever is needed for the arrangement of a woman's hair."

"You tickle my curiosity; but since it's evidently a secret —— Wait for me; I won't be long."

And away she flew, as light as a gazelle. She reappeared a quarter of an hour later, with the effects wrapped up in a large towel. After having made quite a long detour to avoid going by way of the farm, Jean Renaud reached the shepherd's house. He knocked gently at Lucile's door, which was quickly opened.

"So you are up," he said. "Did you sleep well?"

"I did not sleep at all, my friend," she replied; "but I feel rested."

"See here, Lucile, this is for you."

She undid the bundle, and the moment she caught sight of a dress and of a mantle which she recognized her eyes filled with tears and a sob escaped from her bosom.

"So," she said, trembling with emotion, "you thought of this. But how did you get these effects?"

"I saw Blanche."

"And you told her ——"

"Not a word. I merely told her that I wanted these clothes for a poor woman."

"Ah, I am a poor woman, indeed! See, Jean Renaud, see how I am clad."

"I noticed that yesterday; so this morning ——"

"Thanks," she said, giving him her hand.

"Put them on at once," he resumed.

"And with what pleasure! How glad I shall be to throw off these tatters! Now I can make myself look quite comely to see my son," she went on. "He will not have to blush for his mother's appearance."

And, unable to curb her emotion longer, she began to weep bitterly.

"I will leave you now, Lucile," said Renaud softly. "When you are dressed you will find our breakfast ready."

CHAPTER XII.—LUCILE'S NARRATIVE.

An hour later Lucile was dressed; and when Jean Renaud returned from the farm-house, with a basket full of victuals, he could not help clapping his hands for delight.

"So, you think I look well thus?" she said, smiling.

"Oh, you seem like another person."

"Then I am satisfied."

"You must be hungry," he resumed. "If you will," he added gayly, "we will play dinner-party, as the children say."

Knives, forks and plates were found in a cupboard, and the table was soon spread with the contents of the basket. There were half a chicken, sausages, a large piece of smoked ham, a rich cheese, hard-boiled eggs, a jar of sweetmeats, bread, biscuits, and wine. They sat down opposite each other, and both did honor to the breakfast. That over, Jean Renaud desired to know what had been her existence since the day she left the hospital at Gray. This is what she recounted to him:

"According to what was told me, the physicians had no hope of saving my life; they gave me up. But after a violent fever that lasted a fortnight, during which time I was constantly delirous, I recovered my senses. I recollected how, seized suddenly with cold, I had fallen in the snow with my boy in my arms. What had happened afterwards? The rest was a blank to me. When at last I demanded my son of the Sister of the hospital, she was very much astonished, and informed me that some mountebanks had found me on the road insensible, and that I had been brought by them to the hospital. She could tell me nothing about my child; but she promised me that inquiries should at once be instituted. They succeeded in learning that a young child had been seen with the mountebanks, who, in all probability, had taken it with them on quitting the town. I at last felt strong enough to leave the hospital, where I had been for six dreary weeks. All day long I wandered through the streets of the town in despair, not knowing which way to turn to begin the search for my boy. I questioned several persons, but they hurried by me, shaking their heads with an air that told me they took me for a demented creature.

"At night, footsore and worn out, I sat down upon a stone on the bank of the Saone. It was bitter cold, and I shivered all over. A workman, passing by, stopped before me. 'You are sick,' said he kindly; 'why do you sit there?' 'I know not a soul in the town,' replied I; 'I left the hospital this morning, and don't know where to go.' Then he took me by the arm, saying that he would lead me to a good fire at home—you can warm yourself. Wife is good—she will welcome you.' I allowed him to lead me away, and as I walked by his side I spoke to him about the mountebank troupe that had come to Gray six weeks before. 'Aye, I know,' he said; 'Croquefer's troupe. He comes to Gray at long intervals. Excuse me if I question you,' he went on; 'might you be the woman for whose child ——' 'Yes,' said I. Then he looked at me attentively. 'Indeed, I recognize you now,' he continued. 'I was there when they laid you on the stretcher to carry you to the hospital. In faith, I'm very glad to see you alive. You came near being afar; they didn't expect you would live a day longer. And wife will be ever so glad to see you, too, for when I told her about the affair she cried like a child.' 'Did you not see a child with the mountebanks?' I asked him. 'A little boy, well dressed, and so pretty that one could eat him up? Ah, the blackguards!' was his exclamation. 'They took him from you! While you were being carried away, one of them, a tall, dark devil, dragged him off in another direction. You see, they probably thought you were about to die, so they kept the poor little fellow to turn him to a profitable account for themselves. But they will give him back to you, my friend. Only say what I want. But where can I find this man you call Croquefer?' 'That I can't tell you. One day he is here, the next elsewhere, wherever there are fairs. However, I believe he rarely leaves the eastern section of France.' 'I shall find my child,' said I, 'should I have to scour France from end to end.' 'You are going to undertake a very difficult task for a woman. It would be much easier to place the matter in the hands of the police.' I told him that I had had already that idea, but that I decided to depend on myself alone.

"Well, we reached the worthy man's home, where he introduced me to his wife, who received me very pleasantly. The wife made up a bed for me in the children's little room, and there I spent the night. Next day I left the town to go in quest of Croquefer. I possessed some sixty francs. This sum was what I had left of the money I had saved to come to Saint-Jean. I went from place to place, wherever there was a fair or a festival; but Croquefer was not to be found. When I looked for him in Besancon, Belfort, or Pontarlier, he was in Muhlhausen, Strasburg, or Metz. Five months were spent thus in useless marches and counter-marches. When all my money was spent, I had to overcome my pride and repugnances; and, no matter what it cost me, I begged. When my legs could carry me no longer, I rested in a barn or in a granary upon some straw. At other times I lay down in a field or by a tree on the roadside, and passed the night under the beautiful stars.

"June 20 I was in Belfort, and on the night of the 24th, the anniversary of the death of my son's father, I prayed upon his grave. For three nights I wandered around Seuillon, but without approaching too near it, lest I should be seen. I knelt, on the road to Civry, on the spot where the corpse was found, and spent many a terrible hour writhing in the meadow where we saw each other for the last time, a few minutes before his death. I returned thus several times to Premicourt, in the month of June. The cemetery visited often, and wept and prayed on the graves of my unfortunate Edmund and the mother who loved me so dearly. To me it was a pilgrimage. During the day I hid myself, venturing forth only at night to hover near the farm, on the premises of the frightful drama that cast me headlong into a fathomless abyss."

"I was aware of that," said Renaud. "You were seen by several persons, who took you for a supernatural being, a spirit. It was gradually rumored about that the valley was haunted, and that a phantom appeared every night near Merlin Hole. But go on, my dear Lucile, go on; I will not interrupt you."

CHAPTER XIII.—LUCILE WITH CROQUEFER.

"For almost two years," continued Lucile, "I sought Croquefer in vain. At last I succeeded in finding him at the fair of Saint Mammes, at Lan-

"I hope all Dile de Belle. We must be patient." Ophelia

F. Gerard

gres. His tent occupied one of the best spots on the fair grounds, and he was pointed out to me. I approached the platform which a part of his company paraded, and asked him to be so kind as to grant me a moment's interview. He said to me: 'You choose the wrong moment; if you have something to ask of me, come to-morrow, at ten o'clock, to the hotel of the Cheval Blanc.' Next day, at ten o'clock, I presented myself at the hotel of the Cheval Blanc, and was shown into the private room. Croquefer was finishing his breakfast. I approached him timidly, for so formidable did he appear to me that I was afraid of him. 'Ahah!' said he, with well-feigned good humor, 'it was you I saw yesterday before my theatre. Well, what do you want?—a place in my celebrated company, eh?' 'Do you not recognize me? You found me on a road, a few leagues from Gray, benumbed with cold.' He started and opened his eyes wide, crying: 'What! it's you? Then you didn't die?' 'No, Croquefer, I have searched for you since the day I left the hospital at Gray. I come to demand my child.' He turned somewhat pale and struck his forehead. 'So,' he replied, 'you have been hunting for me merely to demand back your child?' To my amazement he swore that he had not my son, and that a member of his troupe had decamped with the child on the very day that I was carried to the hospital. He had never been able to account for the disappearance of the clerk. When I told him that I had had twelve thousand francs in gold in the leather bag, he pounded the table with his fist. 'Ah, the beggar!' he cried; 'he made off with the board of money. But we shall find him, and also the child, although you may regard the money as lost.' As soon as Croquefer ascertained that I was without friends or money, he proposed, in order to facilitate the search for my son, that I should take the position of servant in his family, to which proposition I assented, thus becoming a sort of beast of burden to a man who is self-conceited, puffed up with pride, despotic and often cruel. I soon discovered that he was not sincere in his profession of a desire to aid me in discovering my child, and that, as he merely fed and clothed me, without paying me any wages, he wished to retain my services. Oftentimes he addressed me brutally, and one day he had the audacity to strike me. Several times I left him, and remained away for months, wandering through the country; but, as I had no hope of finding my boy without the aid of Croquefer, again and again I went back to the miserly showman. One day he discovered that I knew how to write and to reckon very well, and then he began to treat me with some sort of respect. Of an old-clothes man he bought me quite a seemly dress, and placed me at the entrance to his theatre to receive the admission-money. Finally he required me to dress up in tinsel and figure in his parades and on the boards of his theatre; but he could never get me to act a part in any of his pieces, spite of his entreaties, his tempting promises and his threats. The years wore away, and still Croquefer did not give me back my son. Last May we arrived at Gray a few days before the fair. As an attraction for that fair he took it into his head that he should present a wild woman, and, without consulting me, he decided that I should be the wild woman. So to me he came. Rarely had I seen him with such a joyful air. His bloated face, his little, blinking eyes, his acre-wide mouth, everything about him bespoke the most intense satisfaction, and he informed me that he had at last succeeded in discovering the whereabouts of his rascally clown, and that my boy still lived.

"'Your son,' he went on as soon as my delirious joy had given way to comparative calmness, 'is to-day a large and handsome fellow; you will see him in a fortnight at the latest. But I alone, you hear, Clownette' (this was the nickname he gave me), 'I alone will have sufficient influence over my old clown to make him tell where your son is now. So, willing or no, the rascal will have to restore him to you. But if you desire to see your son again, if you wish me to act for you, you must do me a service.' 'I will do anything—anything to get back my boy,' said I, trembling with suspense. 'Well, Clownette, I have a part for you to play.' 'But I cannot—you know very well that I cannot.' 'You *can*,' he replied quite harshly. 'If you refuse, not a glimpse, even, of your son do you get. Choose.' I endeavored to persuade him from his purpose; I implored him, but to no purpose. He was stubborn, and I was obliged to consent. He himself set about preparing my disguise. He painted my legs and arms, and smeared my face with colors. Then he dressed me, I know not how, and covered me with glass trinkets. And it was in this garb, under this masquerade, that he exhibited me to the crowd every afternoon in front of his theatre. From the moment I had consented to allow myself to be transformed into a wild woman, I might have had the courage to carry out my ridiculous role, but all at once I recognized Rouvenat among the spectators. By his side sat two pretty young girls, who looked at me with curiosity and compassion. What took place in me? I could not say. My eyes grew dim, and the blood hummed in my ears. Seized with a fearful vertigo, it seemed to me that everything was dancing about me. I saw nothing but horrible, grinning faces, and the air about me seemed to echo with yells. Croquefer wanted to make me eat a piece of raw flesh—that was in my role. I pushed him back with terror; whereupon he raised his whip to strike me, to force me into submission. Then—I think I recollect it—I uttered a shriek and fled. A woman of the troupe helped me to rid myself of my costume. 'Croquefer has deceived you,' she said to me. 'He has never made any attempt to discover what became of your child.' 'Oh, the wretch!' I cried in despair. I threw on my old clothes, and, without even having thought of washing my face, slipped out of the tent and took to my heels. I fled from Croquefer, fully determined this time to tear myself from my bondage for good.

"For three or four hours I ran about the country without even asking myself where I was going. I was almost mad. At sunset I stopped near a fountain at the entrance of a little village. I had entirely forgotten the work of Croquefer's brush. My face, arms and legs were still covered with strange figures in imitation of the tattooing of certain savages. No one was in sight. I hastened to wash off this daub, and nothing was left me but the painful remembrance of having been for a moment the great Queen of the Savages, as Croquefer had advertised me. For darning, patching, or for every other little service which I rendered them willingly, the mountebanks gave me from time to time a few sous. Thanks to this, I had succeeded in saving up some forty francs. This sum permitted me to live near Seuillon for about two months without being obliged to beg, which I could not have done for fear of being recognized. So, had I not had this money, these savings of several years, I should either have died of hunger or have been compelled to go away from Seuillon. In that case I should not have met you, my friend."

CHAPTER XIV.—THE CELLAR-DOOR.

Jean Renaud remained almost the whole day with Lucile to keep her company. In his turn he told her of his past. Lucile did not lose sight of the threatening words of young Parisel, of the terrible danger that Blanche ran if the scoundrel succeeded in getting into the farmhouse, and resolved to prevent him. She might warn the young girl to be upon her guard; but that would frighten her, and, instead of shielding her entirely from Francois' attempts, she would, on the other hand, she fe[ar] Jean Renaud, he would wish to defend h[er] himself and she could not think withou[t] error of what would happen if Blanche's fath[er] Parisel's acts and themselves face to fa[ce] other purpose was to be dreaded. Having [re]solved to keep silent on what she had heard be[ing] the hedge in the shepherd's garden, and wis[hing] at any cost to protect the young girl from her [se]rocious enemy, she was said that an inspiratio[n] had come to her. If, she could do nothing [w]ithout the assistance of Jean Renaud.

After having talked about their children, about their marriage and happiness, which they would witness, Lucile said to Renaud:

"Come night, and when all are asleep at the farmhouse I should like to enter there without anyone's knowing it."

Renaud looked at her with surprise.

"I desire to pass this night near my father, in Rouvenat's room."

"Since such is your wish, Lucile, I have no objection to make. The thing now is to find a way of getting you in the house, which will be quite difficult when all the doors are closed."

"True; so I have relied on you. Formerly, if my memory is good, the courtyard-door had two keys; you might procure one of them."

"The simplest thing would be to advise Blanche, to let her into the secret."

"No," replied Lucile quickly. "I desire more than ever that Blanche and my father know nothing before the arrival of Rouvenat and my son; I likewise desire that my presence to-night in my father's house be absolutely unknown."

"So, then, it's decided"—after a moment's silence—"you wish to sleep in Rouvenat's room to-night? Well, you shall be in my room. I'll see to that."

He struck a match and lighted a wax taper. They looked at each other. They were of a livid pallor; but the sinister fire in their eyes bespoke resolution and audacity.

"Let's go on," said the father. They passed through the passage and stopped at the entrance of the dining-room, listening. The profound silence that prevailed about them reassured them.

"One feels at home here," chuckled Handsome Francois, affecting a composure which he certainly did not feel.

They crossed the dining-room stealthfully, and ascended the stairs slowly, one behind the other, the father first, stepping cautiously, and stopping at every creaking of the wood. They reached the landing-place and paused before the door of the farmer's room, against which Parisel senior pinned his ear.

"I hear nothing," said he.

"Which proves that he doesn't snore. Are you afraid?"

"No; but I scarcely breathe. It's emotion; it will soon pass off, though ——"

"When you open the chest."

The father's eyes sparkled. Softly Francois turned the brass knob and opened the door ajar. He stuck in his head and looked about the room, dimly lighted by the moon and stars. Jacques Mellier had not moved. He was asleep.

"He has taken his opium," said Francois. "You may go in."

Parisel glided into the room. Francois followed him and placed the wax taper upon the floor beside the chest, in such a manner that its light, intercepted by the serge bed-curtains, could not reach the farmer. Crouching behind an armchair, upon which Jacques Mellier had thrown his clothes before going to bed, Parisel fumbled for the keys of the iron chest. The windows of the room were hung with large curtains of green velvet; Francois drew them to in order to increase the obscurity. This done, he left the room, leaving the door on a jar. Joseph Parisel had just possessed himself of the farmer's bunch of keys. Walking, or rather dragging himself upon his hands and knees, his eyes twinkling, believing he already held the coveted treasure, he went noiselessly towards the chest. He saw it with dazzling eyes, and, having already opened it in his mind, he thought he beheld the glittering gold streaming before his eyes, and fancied he heard between his fingers the rustle of crisp banknotes.

At that moment Jacques Mellier stirred in his bed and murmured:

"Rouvenat, Rouvenat!"

He was dreaming. Parisel stopped, holding his breath, and lay flat on his face on the floor, shaking with fear. But, soon convinced that Jacques Mellier had not awoke, he recovered his composure, such as it was, and crawled on to the chest. There he drew himself up upon his knees, threw a ferocious look at the bed, and then picked out of the five or six keys in the bunch the one he thought would open the chest. But it would not enter the lock. He tried another with no better luck. The third attempt was successful. His hand trembled, his heart jumped up and down, and his temples throbbed violently. Again he looked towards the bed; then, certain that Mellier still slept, he turned the key twice in the lock, which produced a loud, metallic sound. A spring had just played within, and the lid opened of itself. The eyes of the thief, hyperbolically speaking, grew as big as saucers, and he bent down greedily to gloat upon the bills with which the iron box was filled. Upon a metallic shelf a heap of deeds, certificates of stocks and bonds lay beside large bundles of banknotes. Upon another shelf were piled up a number of rolls of gold, and in the bottom of the chest lay several bags of silver. Parisel was dazzled, his head swam, he laughed to himself. At that moment he saw the key of the room, which was within his reach, completely forgetting the sleeper, who no longer slept. Jacques Mellier had just awoke. On opening his eyes, he heard the creaking of the spring of the chest, a sound that was familiar to him. Raising on his elbow, he drew aside the curtain. In the dim light before his iron chest he saw a man on his knees. As the back of the thief was turned towards him, he could not recognize him. But, notwithstanding the darkness, on discovery gave him, the old farmer was not frightened. He got his legs out of the bed, one after the other, and stood up.

"I could never carry off all that," Parisel said to himself. "I will begin by stuffing my pockets with the gold and banknotes."

And, thrusting both his hands into the chest, they pounced upon the rolls of gold like the talons of a bird of prey. At the same instant, Jacques Mellier, in his nightshirt, his legs and feet bare, seized him by the shoulders and pulled him violently backwards, crying in a hollow voice:

"Thief! thief!"

Bent on carrying out his audacious plan of abduction, and goaded on by the jealousy and hatred which had taken possession of him, Handsome Francois, relying on the opium sleep, had left his father, persuaded that he could act alone without danger, and that Jacques Mellier would not awake. He stole along the hall to Blanche's room, which he entered noiselessly. The light which the moon sifted through the apartment enabled him to easily distinguish the objects about him. Without trembling, his head high, one hand outstretched, ready to seize the young girl and choke her in case she awoke, the ravisher sprang a small vial of chloroform, which he intended to administer to her, so as to facilitate his bold plan, he approached the bed. A step further and beautiful Blanche would be in a villain's clutches. But suddenly the door of an adjoining dressing-closet was flung open, and the room was all at once lighted up brilliantly. The wretch started back. A woman rushed from the closet and threw herself before him with flashing eyes. It was Lucile. Handsome Francois remained as if riveted to the floor, speechless, agape, his eyes haggard, his arms inert by his side.

"Coward," Lucile said in a cavernous voice, "what brings you here? Is it Pierre Rouvenat you seek, to assassinate him? Francois Parisel you have mistaken the door. This is Blanche Mellier's room. As you see, she is not alone; I am here to protect her. Did I consult my indignation and wrath, I should rouse the whole house, and you should leave here presently between two gendarmes. But you are young; you may yet repent and return to the right path, if you have any good left in your soul. Listen to the advice I am about to give you. If you love your liberty, if you do not wish to be delivered over to the law and dragged to the bench of criminals, in two hours hence you must be far from Seuillon. Now, go!"

Francois stood perfectly still. Fright had paralyzed him for the moment. She was close to him now. He recoiled shuddering, with livid face and his eyes rolling like a madman's.

"Oh, the phantom! the phantom!" he exclaimed in a choked voice, recoiling still further. Then a hoarse cry escaped from his compressed throat, and, crazed with terror, cowering beneath Lucile's awful gaze, he turned, and, springing from the room, rushed down the stairs four steps at a time.

He had completely forgotten his father; he no longer had a mind for anything. Lucile had stopped a moment on the threshold of the room. The noise made by Francois in his precipitous flight down the stairs had prevented her hearing that of the struggle going on in her father's room. When she turned round she perceived Blanche standing in the middle of the room, pale, trembling, and eyeing her with a terrified air.

CHAPTER XVI.—LUCILE AND BLANCHE.

After wavering a moment in doubt as to whether she ought to remain or withdraw, Lucile advanced towards the young girl. They stood face to face.

"How beautiful she is! the lovely child!" thought Lucile.

"How good she looks!" said Blanche to herself. Then, holding out her hand to Lucile, she said: "A man entered my room."

"Yes! a wretch! a villain!"

"I saw him and recognized him. I know he hates me. Did he want to kill me? But you were here to protect me from his fury, from approaching my bed. I saw him tremble, overwhelmed by your look. You drove him away. I heard what you said to him ——"

"Ah! you did not sleep soundly enough," said Lucile. "I should have liked to have left you in ignorance of what has occurred."

"I much prefer to know it, because now I can at least thank you for the services you have rendered me. But who are you, madame?"

"Your friend is Mardoche's also,"

"You know Mardoche?"

"Very intimately."

"Was it he that let you into the house?"

"Yes; but I did not tell him that you were threatened with a dreadful danger."

"You did well. But how did you know it?"

"Last night the son had a talk with his father, and I heard what he said."

"I understand. You came to protect me, out of friendship for Mardoche."

"Out of friendship for him, and out of affection for you."

"Then you loved me without knowing me?"

"Does not everybody love you?"

"So, you entered my room and hid in that dressing-closet; you knew that it existed—which proves to me that you are well acquainted with the house."

Lucile started.

"Yes," she replied in a tremulous voice, "I know the house."

"Tell me your name."

"I cannot."

"You cannot? Why?"

"You will know it when Rouvenat returns to Seuillon with your betrothed."

"What!" exclaimed Blanche. "Mardoche told you about that?" Then, lowering her voice: "You told me just now," she went on, "that you had known him a long while; so you must know that the poor beggar Mardoche has another name."

"I know that his name is Jean Renaud, and that he is your father," replied Lucile in an undertone.

"Strange, strange!" murmured the young girl. Then she said suddenly: "This dress you have on, I recognize it; it was I who gave it to my father this morning."

"True."

"This dress belonged to Lucile Mellier," added Blanche.

The name of Lucile Mellier, which she had just pronounced, was like a ray of intellectual light to her. Seizing Lucile by the arm, she drew her into the light thrown out by the lamp in the dressing-closet, and looked at her intently. Blanche's features brightened up presently, her whole face beamed, joy danced in her eyes and shone upon her brow. She threw her pretty bare arms around Lucile's neck.

"Well, well! what are you thinking of? What are you doing?" murmured Lucile, deeply impressed.

"In godfather's room," replied Blanche in a vibrating voice, "there is a portrait of Lucile Mellier, which I have often looked at. You have grown quite old, but I recognize you; you are Lucile Mellier!"

"Hush, hush!" said Lucile, trembling.

"Ah! God was reserving great happiness for all of us!"

At that moment they heard a cry that sounded like a rattle, and immediately a heavy tread on the stairs.

"It's he, Francois; he is returning!" exclaimed Blanche, clinging to Lucile with fright.

The latter had drawn herself up, her eyes flaming, ready to combat energetically no matter what enemy. But, instead of approaching, the sound of the steps grew faint, and ceased all at once. Springing to the window, Lucile opened it hastily, and, looking below, saw Francois leave the house and fly through the garden as fast as his legs could carry him. A horrible thought struck her suddenly. She uttered a piercing cry, ran to the dressing-closet, took up the lamp, and rushed from the chamber. The door of her father's room was wide open. Thither she sprang, half-distracted with fright and suspense. The old man lay stretched on the floor, motionless, before the open iron chest, which his inert body seemed still to defend. At the sight of her father, whom she at first thought murdered, Lucile tottered and felt the blood curdle in her veins. She gave a thrilling scream, and called with all her might: "Help, help!" Blanche hastened to her. She saw Lucile passionately kissing the forehead and cheeks of the old man, and partly divined in her turn what had happened.

"My God, my God!" she moaned, and, kneeling beside Lucile, she burst into sobs.

Lucile had had but a moment's weakness. She had already recovered her presence of mind and all her energy.

"He is not dead," she said. "I called, but no one comes; my voice was not heard. Let us try to carry him to to the bed by ourselves."

Uniting their strength, they succeeded in lifting the old man and bearing him to the bed. Blanche still wept.

"My child," said Lucile, "you must drive back your tears. Before we grieve, let us do everything in our power to save him. I see no wound on him; so he has not been struck. But we must call in a physician in all haste. Take a light and go and wake up everybody. There used to be a physician at Premicourt. Is there one there still?"

"Yes."

"So much the better. At your order, one of the men will put a horse to the carriage and go for the doctor without losing a second. Till it pleases me to make myself known, none must know who I am. You must keep your own counsel on the terrible events of this night. The men of the law must not enter here without having been called by Jacques Mellier. If he lives, it is he who will decide the lot of the guilty ones; if he dies," she added, shuddering, "we will let Pierre Rouvenat avenge him. Now, my child, go and give your orders. The doctor, quick, the doctor!"

The girl lighted a candle and went downstairs, and ordered Charles to put a horse to the gig and hie to Premicourt in quest of the physician. Lucile left the bedside for a moment to close the iron chest. She removed the bunch of keys hanging from the lock, and slipped it under the table. On entering the room and seeing her father stretched before the open chest, she had conjectured the attempt at robbery. But who was the thief? She had not recognized the man she had seen flying from the house; but, without hesitation, she named under her breath Joseph Parisel.

When Blanche again entered the room she found Lucile in tears, standing by the bed with one of the old man's hands clasped in her own.

"Well?" questioned Blanche.

"He is still the same," replied Lucile in a sad voice; "he breathes, his hands are burning. It is nineteen years since I saw him last, and to find him again thus, speechless, as if dead, is terrible, oh, horrible! But God has taken pity on me. He did not incite me to return under my father's roof to make him die thus before my eyes without having seen me. No, no, God will not do that—God cannot do that!"

She knelt down, and, with her head buried in her hands, began to pray fervently. Blanche wept silently. About twenty minutes slipped by. Lucile still knelt. Every moment a sob escaped from her overflowing bosom. Suddenly Jacques Mellier heaved a long sigh, shook convulsively, stretched out his arms, and almost immediately opened his eyes. Blanche uttered an exclamation of delight.

"Father, dear father!" she said.

Lucile sprang to her feet, and, while the young girl assisted the old man to raise himself on the bed, she stood motionless, with her eyes fixed on his face, and every feature radiant with immense joy.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MISS GERARD,

who is now a member of the company supporting Edwin Booth in the Princess' Theatre, London, Eng., has won much praise for her performance of Ophelia in "Hamlet." Although she has been on the stage only a few years, her experience has been varied and her advancement rapid. She made her debut in Plymouth in 1877 as Lady Lydia in "The Love Chase." She was subsequently engaged at the Olympic, London, where, among other characters, she played Cecilia Moonshine in "Boots at the Swan;" Gianina in "The Violinmaker of Cremona;" Phoebe Clarke in "Lady Audley's Secret," Nan in "The Good-for-nothing" (scoring a great success), Margery in "The Rough Diamond," Lady Betty Noel in "Clancarty," Jessie O'Hara in "The Vagabond" (moving the whole audience to enthusiasm by a pathetic exit in the first act), and Stella in "Jealousy." In 1878 she joined "The Caste" Traveling Company, playing Esther Eccles in that comedy, Mrs. Pinchbeck in "Home," Bella in "School," Blanche Haye in "Ours," and Ruth Deybrook in "M. P." The following year she was engaged by Mrs. Bancroft to play an important role in "Duty," but the illness prevented her appearance in the Prince of Wales' Theatre. She appeared at the Haymarket in 1880, acting Fanny Tarbox in Boucicault's "Bridal Tour," and is said to have made the hit of the evening. At the Princess' she has acted, besides Ophelia, Julie De Mortemar in "Richelieu," and Pierdita in "The Fool's Revenge."

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1881.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

[For answers to questions see 4th and 5th pages of "Theatrical Record."]

☞ QUESTIONS THAT DO NOT REACH THIS OFFICE UNTIL MONDAY MORNING WILL NOT BE ANSWERED UNTIL THE FOLLOWING WEEK.

W. A. R., Colorado.—Hancock got the popular vote in one county, and so did Garfield, and Dow, and Weaver, and Phelps. Nobody got the popular vote for the purpose of a bet, as we regard it. The popular vote among bettors, in our view, is such a vote as will show that the candidate who received it was the choice of the bulk of the populace who voted. Lincoln got the popular vote in 1864, but did not get it in 1860; Tilden got it in 1876, and nobody has got it now. We hold that if A had meant to bet simply that Hancock got more votes than Garfield he would have said so; and the loser who bets B is willing to concede that the bet was really as to whether Garfield or Hancock got the more votes. As to that, we decide the bet a draw, for reasons we have frequently given, and which we gave fully in our issue of Feb. 26.

G. E. M.—"The rule of the road" is the same all through America—to keep to the right of the road. It is just the opposite in England so far as the road is concerned; but the rule of the sidewalk (or path) is just the opposite of the rule of the road. It is "keep to the right." In France the rule is that, where a carriage meets another, each is to keep to the right, while a carriage overtaking another is to keep to the left. The same rule prevails in Belgium, Germany, and in most parts of Switzerland; but in the cantonments of Switzerland, adjoining Italy, the rule is the same as in England—pass to the left in riding or driving.

M. J. W., Washington.—The bet was on the election of Nov. 2, 1880, and not on the possible action of Congress, which counted the Georgia Electoral vote years ago when it was not definitely ascertained as to which was the vote. If we regarded pyramiding, we published a decision on No. 27.

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C. L. Y., Ridge Hill.—As you have stated the problem, there is no chance at all against D's saving his jack, for he has already taken it in. You did not mean to put it in that shape. The real problem you intended to put cannot be solved, because it is not determinable by chance alone. It depends on something that talks, as well as on whether B was dealt three trumps and three cards of one of the other suits or three aces of three different suits not trumps.

CINCINNATI, O.—A assuming that the bet was made on or before the Nov. 2 last, it is won by the party who bet that Hancock would get the Electoral vote of Georgia. All the other party meant to bet was that Hancock would not get the solid South's vote on Nov. 2. He was not betting on a legal or illegal vote in December, or on the action of Congress in February on any vote cast or counted. Nor is there in the cases

tailed but 14 times to make the second
g inning, tallied 26 times in Tammany
ster failed but 20, whereas in Cooper In-
in 23. This shows which player gained
lost strength the table, and which re-
Institute Sexton's runs (ten) of double
ed but 180 points, or 93 fewer than
(fifteen making 243) of double figures.
ll. Sexton by runs (thirteen) of double
ed 128 points, while Schaefer's defeat
1 142. Apparently, Schaefer's play was fit-
below his Cooper Institute work, while
nce as he might have won the other—by
rage down. It was 3.40 120 for the winner.

SEXTON.								SCHAEFER.							
Omitted.	T'l	Ins.	Count.	T'l.	Count.	T'l.	Count.	Omitted.	T'l	Ins.	Count.	T'l.	Count.	T'l.	Count.
1c		61	4	138	2	189		1c		61	4	138	2	189	
2	3	62	15	153	2	189		2	3	61	15	153	2	189	
3	6	63	0r	153	0	189		3	6	63	0r	153	0	189	
3d	6	63	0	153	0	189		3d	6	63	0	153	0	189	
1e	7	65	12	165	0	189		1e	7	65	12	165	0	189	
2d	7	67	1	166	0	189		2d	7	67	1	166	0	189	
3	7	67	2	168	5c	189		3	7	67	2	168	5c	189	
3d	7	68	0	168	1e	197		3d	7	68	0	168	1e	197	
4	7	69	1	169	2	197		4	7	69	1	169	2	197	
5b	12	70	0	169	2	221		5b	12	70	0	169	2	221	
5c	15	71	7	176	13	221		5c	15	71	7	176	13	221	
12b	27	73	0	176	0	234		12b	27	73	0	176	0	234	
0	27	74	1	177	21c	234		0	27	74	1	177	21c	234	
1	31	75	14d	192	4	269		1	31	75	14d	192	4	269	
4	31	77	4	196	1	269		4	31	77	4	196	1	269	
1c	34	78	2	198	0	269		1c	34	78	2	198	0	269	
1e	60	79	20b	224	2d	363		1e	60	79	20b	224	2d	363	
7c	67	80	4	228	0	373		7c	67	80	4	228	0	373	
3	73	81	0d	228	3	376		3	73	81	0d	228	3	376	
3d	73	82	0	228	2	376		3d	73	82	0	228	2	376	
1	79	83	0	228	0	376		1	79	83	0	228	0	376	
1	81	84	0	228	0	378		1	81	84	0	228	0	378	
1	85	86	4d	232	0t	378		1	85	86	4d	232	0t	378	
1	91	87	1	233	1	378		1	91	87	1	233	1	378	
27	118	88	0	233	0	385		27	118	88	0	233	0	385	
3d	118	89	2	234	1	399		3d	118	89	2	234	1	399	
1e	119	90	1	240	0	300		1e	119	90	1	240	0	300	
0	119	91	14e	254	1	301		0	119	91	14e	254	1	301	
1	120	92	0	254	0	301		1	120	92	0	254	0	301	
2	122	93	2	256	2	304		2	122	93	2	256	2	304	
2	122	94	1	261	5	310		2	122	94	1	261	5	310	
3d	124	95	54	261	0	310		3d	124	95	54	261	0	310	
1e	124	96	12	273	11	322		1e	124	96	12	273	11	322	
7e	131	97	0	273	0	322		7e	131	97	0	273	0	322	
1e	132	98	0	273	0	322		1e	132	98	0	273	0	322	
1	133	99	3	276	1	324		1	133	99	3	276	1	324	
0	133	100	18	294	4	327		0	133	100	18	294	4	327	
1	134	101	13	307	0	327		1	134	101	13	307	0	327	
1	137	102	0	307	0	327		1	137	102	0	307	0	327	
1	138	103	0	307	0	327		1	138	103	0	307	0	327	
1e	138	104	3	310	2e	328		1e	138	104	3	310	2e	328	
4e	142	105	11	321	0e	333		4e	142	105	11	321	0e	333	
1	148	106	0	321	0	333		1	148	106	0	321	0	333	
1e	149	107	8e	330	0	333		1e	149	107	8e	330	0	333	
2e	152	108	3	333	6	336		2e	152	108	3	333	6	336	
1	154	109	3	336	3	336		1	154	109	3	336	3	336	
1	156	110	6	341	17e	333		1	156	110	6	341	17e	333	
2	157	111	1	342	2	355		2	157	111	1	342	2	355	
3	159	112	3e	342	0	355		3	159	112	3e	342	0	355	
9	168	113	0	355	6	364		9	168	113	0	355	6	364	
1	170	114	1	356	7c	377		1	170	114	1	356	7c	377	
1	171	115	0	356	13e	390		1	171	115	0	356	13e	390	
1	172	116	0	356	2	392		1	172	116	0	356	2	392	
1	172	117	3	360	0*	392		1	172	117	3	360	0*	392	
2	174	118	0	360	1	393		2	174	118	0	360	1	393	
4	178	120	3	363	6	400		4	178	120	3	363	6	400	

stroke. B. Mecum, c. Slipped up on a
d, Missed cushion first. Sexton, 3d inning
ignedly, at times into court, at others out
ed. Lack of control. Jumped cush-
11th inning unintentionally scored 2 points.
pped up on masse A, at 17, in run of 20.
ed 1st. Schaefer's ball, in coming to a
er and leaned against the cushion. Other-
erwise would have been missed. But for
ir ball, which, had it been counted, as he
"scratch," would probably have been ac-
accidental in Schneider's case; deliberate
e heavy figures denote deliberate safety
ot that invited Schaefer to replenish and
ards reducing Sexton's lead at a time when
of $100 to $10 in Sexton's favor. †Direct-

s, Schaefer went to Sexton's place to make
ches, others, but no match. It
quari bottles, but for nothing else.

STRAY SHOTS.

maining in Washington, D. C., to inaugur-
ouis Shaw went to Syracuse, N. Y., where,
on Feb. 23, he intended to give four matches
ring the current week.....The veteran
r James Lynch has made up his mind to all
vicinity. He is keeping a room in West-
with the assistance of his son George.
o for a tour in Europe next season, please at
a for anywhere between five and ten thou-
stake money no object—Vignaux to go
American who isn't Sloason.....At the
ndon, Eng., a few nights ago, D. Rich-
porter for a round stake of five hundred
Elijah Kane. Shorter was short by 74
ed at the Cooper Institute.....

Morris are trying to make a match.
Shaw, the Metropolitan
as gone to work at King's, succeeding
sional.....The room at the Girard
Shaw has been refurnished, and on March
opened under the superintendence of
Shaw and Burleigh have arranged
,500 points, straight rail, to cover
ue. The match that is the latter
onth will play McLaughlin a match
dollars a side, 600 points, on a 5x10
as in this project that we
week from Philadelphia to
game will take place, if it is played.
ld Town, Twenty-third street,
ll probability has out of existence after
was with difficulty that the lease could
ed, and we have a majority of last year's nine.
Hack taking J. Whitney's position as pitcher. The Cali-
fornias, Mystics, Nationals, and perhaps one or two other
clubs will be included in the League.

GEORGE W. DERBY, late of the Nationals of Washing-
ton, has reconsidered his determination of retiring from
the ball field, and will pitch for the Detroit Club during
the coming season.

THERE IS A LETTER in this office for Mr. Day of the
Metropolitan B. B. C.

A LETTER addressed to Joe Roche is in our care.

AQUATIC.

THE CHAMPION.

Edward Hanlan, the champion of all champions with
the oar, arrived at this port on Monday morning, Feb.
28, on board the steamer City of Chester, from Liverpool,
and on Tuesday afternoon, but, owing to a dense fog,
was unable to reach Quarantine in time to be passed by the
Health Officer. The Atalanta Boat Club, who had tendered
the champion and Canadian a reception and banquet,
went down the bay in a chartered tug to meet the steam-
er and extend to him a welcome home. However, the
fickleness of the fog proved an insurmountable obsta-
cle. Mrs. Hanlan, the renowned sculler's better half, who
had come to the city to greet her husband on his
arrival, made an effort to find the big ship, but with
no better success, and she returned to the Gilsey House a
very much disappointed lady. The Atalanta reception commit-
tee had remained at the Gilsey House on Staten Island
since Saturday night, but, upon finding that there was
no prospect of the fog clearing away for hours, they
boarded the Virginia Seymour again early on the
morning of the 28th, and after a long search found
the City of Chester. Hanlan was dimly seen on deck,
and a rousing cheer went up which was heartily be-
came established. He was accompanied by Wallace Ross
and T. S. Whitehouse, editor of *The London Sportsman*.
The trio were transferred to the tug, and brought up to the city. Hanlan at once
proceeded to the Gilsey House. He will be banquet-
ed at Delmonico's on Wednesday, March 2, when a
number of distinguished guests will be present. The
champion was sick for less than usual during the passage,
looks in vigorous health, and appears to himself well
pleased to get home again, especially as his mission to
England was successful.

ICE-BOATING IN CANADA.—An ice yacht-race, for a
sweepstakes, was sailed on the Bay, Toronto, on Feb.
21. The course was about fifteen miles, and was laid out
on very fair ice. The yachts were also favored with a
strong breeze. Nine started, but the Island Girl, Mystery,
Iceberg and Swallow were the only boats who were in the
race, the others speedily falling behind. The Mystery
took first place and the Island Queen second; but on ac-
count of the latter turning the wrong buoy, she and the
Iceberg sailed over again for second place, the Iceberg
winning. The owners of the Toronto ice-boats came out
with a challenge in the local papers to sail any fleet of
yachts in the Dominion.

THE BEVERLY (MASS.) YACHT CLUB last week elected
the following officers for one year: Commodore, W. L.
Jeffries; vice-commodore, S. W. Burgess; secretary and
treasurer, R. D. Sears; measurer, F. K. Cabot; regatta
committee, G. P. Gardner, R. D. Sears, F. C. Lowell, T.
H. Cabot and C. H. Minot Jr. The method of racing
measurement was changed, the plan adopted being to
take two-thirds of the length of the water-line, plus the
extreme beam, for the figures of allowance.

JAMES RILEY the sculler is looking after his townsman
John Sullivan in the preparations for the match, and is
now ready to receive propositions for League games in
April. Troy will be the first to come here, then Wor-
cester and Providence.

COLLEGE BALL NOTES.—The Princetons are making ex-
ertions to place a very strong team in the field for '81.
Of their old team they have the fine catcher Schenck,
with Winton, a splendid first baseman, Hodge at second-
base, and Duffield and McCune, two excellent outfielders.
All the other positions will have new men. Captain
McCune is putting the team in fine gymnastic trim, and
is doing the pitching for the practice batting.....The Har-
vards for '81 will include Nichols, c.; Folsom, p.; Cool-
idge, 2b.; and Blanchard, 1b. Lead, the nine of '80,
the remaining positions being filled from a corps including
Hall, Snow, Burt, Leavitt, Fuller, Smyth, Baker, Ledyard,
Edmonds, Thorndike and Richardson.

THE NAMELESS CLUB.—This model amateur baseball
club of Brooklyn, worthy successors of the old Excelsiors
recently had their annual meeting and election, at which
some forty odd members sat down, THE CLIPPER repre-
sentative being an invited guest, though not able to at-
tend. The club will play McLaughlin a match or exhi-
bition game at the Waverly Theatre, Brooklyn, which was
enjoyed by a crowded and fashionable house.

AN AMATEUR LEAGUE will be organized in San Fran-
cisco, Cal., for the coming season. The athletics have
already reorganized, and will present Brown as pitcher
and Irwin catcher. The Knickerbockers are also making
preparations, and will have a majority of last year's nine.
Hack taking J. Whitney's position as pitcher. The Cali-
fornias, Mystics, Nationals, and perhaps one or two other
clubs will be included in the League.

GEORGE W. DERBY, late of the Nationals of Washing-
ton, has reconsidered his determination of retiring from
the ball field, and will pitch for the Detroit Club during
the coming season.

THERE IS A LETTER in this office for Mr. Day of the
Metropolitan B. B. C.

A LETTER addressed to Joe Roche is in our care.

BASEBALL.

BASEBALL NOTES.

The "manager" of the Dartmouth College Club, says
an exchange, has received a communication from
Bundell at the Dartmouth College Club, stating that
"he had not the means to defray the expenses of another
term at Dartmouth, and hence that, not from choice, but
from pecuniary necessity, he should accept the offer
made to him, unless he could receive from the college or
baseball nine a bonus of $150. A special meeting of the
Association was called, and it was unanimously decided
to guaranty the payment of the required amount." If
this bonus is given to Rundell, it undoubtedly makes him
a professional player under the Dartmouth rules, and
as such he cannot take part in any College club match.....
Amherst, it is said, will not enter a team this year for the
College championship. Cowing, who has played in the
latter on various occasions, viz., John Kelley, lately of
Providence, R. I., and Alderman Richard
Brooklyn, N. Y., is to play Dallas a pro-
fessionals, viz., John Kelley, lately of
; Ed. Miller, Fred Sands and Fred H.
at six games out of twelve given on a
ny two players, and Lucas easily defeated
Burleigh, as we are advised by mail have-
in each and every game. The league meeting will
to represent the pool championship of
Adams gave an exhibition
pera-house, Galveston, Texas, on the 22d inst., and
a complimentary to his friends George
Norwich, Ct., and Alderman Richard
Brooklyn, N. Y., while Adams officiated
ed as master of ceremonies on the occa-
General has been sending a few days in
Joseph E. Widney, who for this time has
Regiment of this city all over his New
ld. Richards has challenged Schaefer to a
English championship match between
prize—Adams to receive an exhibition
pera-house, Galveston, Texas, or a public
, compliment

THE WRAITH OF MAG O'BRINE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY SI SLOKUM.

In my room one evening smoking, at the fire quite often poking,
It from me hard words evoking, as it quite refused to
"Boom,"
On a sudden, dearest reader, sighted I a terror-breeder,
Nothing less than a seceder from the regions dread of gloom—
A seceder from the tomb!

Sighted I my washerwoman, dead six years, as I'm a true man;
Yet, as sure as I am human, saw I Widow Mag O'Brine—
Washing at a tub, hard working, never for an instant shirking,
Scrubbing at the dirt a-lurking in the shirts and stock ings mine,
Handkerchiefs and collars fine!

"Mag," cried I, in terror rising, with agility surprising—
"Mag O'Brine, by whose devising was it that you left your shell?
Tell me, shade or woman, truly, why thou comest so unduly—
Fy the shade of old Pat Chouly, sire of thine I knew so well,
Tell me why you skipped from—well."

Here the wraith, in accents mocking, raising high a fancy stocking,
With its silken carmine 'clocking," spake and looked Mcmoselina dreder:
"Yez be foine as silk an' sathin, an' yez spake the Grake an' Latbin,
But, it's how ye'll ketch a scathin' from the one yez bate o' bread,
Who's a-goin' far yez dead!"

Then she came lor me a-howling, like a feline fiercely growling,
Like a fierce hyena growling came the wraith of Mag O'Brine.
In anguish I was kneeling and most fervently appealing,
In a tone not far from squealing, for her mercy most benign,
While the chills ran up my spine!

"Av ye'll swear by howly-wathers that ye'll pay me dar-lint daughters
All the shillins an' the quarthers that yez owed me when I died,
I'll forgive yez bastely chatin' Widdy Brine out av her 'atin',
An' will spare yez now a b'atin' an' a weltin' av yez hide!"

"I will swear!" I wildly cried.

Then she vanished, this she-goblin, and I found myself a-bobblin',
As it were—I might say wabblin'—round the room in sore affright;
Then remorseful feelings seized me, and my conscience tightly squeezed me,
While the fire it sorely teased me—probably "the *dead* oi night!"
Threw thereon a chilling blight!

Set I out next morn at sev-en—well, between that hour and 'lev-en—
Vowing I to highest heav-en that I'd find those girls Mag's;
Chits I used to see a-skipping round the wash-tubs, often dripping
Tears of anguish from a whipping, or a-scooting o'er the flags
In grotesque, fantastic rags!

Found I one in good condition, wedded to a politician—
Pothook was the wild ambition, great in *floo*-ence—
"Shane" O'Phay.
Unto her I told the story of the wraith from purgatory,
Or supernal realms of glory, which I really could not say—
Told her I had come to pay.

Offered her then I a dollar, caught she me then by the collar,
And to scream began, and holler in a most outrageous tone;
"I'm no washerwoman's daughter!" cried she out with heat and hauteur,
And my husband he had oughter break yer jaw and every bone!
Yev insulted me, ochone!"

Then came in the politician—nose quite red from imbibition—
And on learning he my mission went for me noon the spot,
When we had it rough and tumble; while his helpmate, like a bumble
Bee, began at once to fumble round my head, and rather hot,
With a heavy iron pot!

Got I out wellnigh demolished—nearly, if not quite, abolished.
In the slang of bruisers, "polished off" was I, completely so,
Shunned I Mrs. O'Phay's sister as I would a Spanish blister,
Cautery or alvine clyster, for was she a Mrs. Blow,
Husband, dealer in "Old Crow!"

Gentle readers, you the moral of my story sure will corral,
And I'd sooner dose with chloral any one or all of you,
Than to offer explanation, thus implying occultation,
As it were, of interlocution with a ghost, not of *gout*,
Which I shouldn't wish to do!

CAST UPON THE WORLD:
A STORY OF AVARICE AND CRIME.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY CHAS. E. PERRINE (C. E. NEWTON, DRAMATIST),
Author of "Out at Sea," "Nannette Labarre,"
"A Night of Horror," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

Near the banks of the Harlem River, not far from where it connects with Spuyten Devil Creek, in the centre of a small plot of ground, stood a pleasant little cottage. Before the house was a row of young chestnut-trees, and at its rear was laid out a well-kept kitchen-garden. The tasteful arrangement of the flowers that grew in beds along both sides of the pathway which led from the front gate to the porch before the house betokened good taste on the part of its occupants.

This cosy spot was the house of Sampson Klopp and his wife, Polly. They had been married now nearly a year, and during that time of his clear-headed wife, Sampson had abandoned all idea—for the present, at least—of giving up his situation with Frederick Norton, in whose employ, therefore, he still remained. The cottage they had taken immediately after the marriage, hoping to be able at no very distant day to purchase it. The mysterious disappearance of Mr. Redfield greatly surprised and perplexed Sampson, who held the bookkeeper in high esteem, and who refused to credit the story of his embezzlement, even in the face of his employer's accusation.

"There is a mistake somewhere," he said to Polly at the time. "No one can convince me that Mr. Redfield took the money, in spite of anybody's money. Poor man! he had some reason for going away—but it wasn't because he was a thief. I wonder where he is. I liked him better than any man I ever met before. He always had a good word for everybody. I wish he had give you one, Polly. We'd have been sure of good luck through life if he had."

"That's all nonsense," replied the little woman. "We'll have good luck enough, if we only work for it."

If there was anything Polly Klopp enjoyed on a fine evening, when the labor of the day was over, it was a pull at an oar in a small boat, which Sampson was given to use by his employer, Mr. Norton, his who lived near him. It was a bright evening in May when Sampson, having returned from his work somewhat earlier than usual, proposed to his wife that they should take a short row on the river after supper was over. So, after the meal was disposed of, they walked down to the river-bank, where the boat was kept.

"Let me pull the stroke-oar," said Polly, as Sampson helped her into the boat.

"All right," he replied, as the little woman seated herself and proceeded to get her oar in place.

"Which way?" asked Sampson.

"Down towards the bridge."

"Why not the other way?" asked Sampson.

"Because I want to go down the river."

"But I'd much rather go up. There's not near as many boats in the river above," he said.

"What do I care about the boats?" she replied. "I want to go down the river, and to-day that's where I'm going." And she dipped her oar into the water and prepared to take the first stroke.

"Well, down the river we go, then. So pull away, young pull, strong pull, and a pull altogether!" cried Sampson, and away darted the little boat, cutting the water with its sharp bow, and leaving in its wake a line of sparkling foam.

* * * * * * *

On the porch of a public-house near the lower end of Harlem Bridge, one gentleman, who was leaning against one of the wooden pillars, twirling a light walking-stick, and gazing idly at the boats that passed at intervals up and down the river.

"It's astonishing," he said half aloud, "how wealth rolls into one's pockets when Madame Fortune condescends to favor him with one of her sweet smiles. I must be a capricious clown indeed, for that worthy dame has evidently laughed heartily at my pranks for the past five years, judging by the rapidity with which wealth has accumulated in my hitherto empty purse. Well, laugh and grow fat, venerable Mrs. F. What pleases you pleases me also. I can hardly realize I am back once more in my native city, and a rich man. Here I have known pressing want and keen hunger. I doubt whether any one would be likely to recognize in the Nat Garvin of to-day the Nat Garvin of the past. And now I must find my cousin Bob, and thank him very much for all he's done for him."

Whistling a merry tune, he stepped from the porch, and sauntered leisurely towards the bridge. Evidently he did not notice the wretchedly-dressed woman who swept hastily by him so closely that the very rags she wore brushed against the sleeve of his coat. She stepped upon the bridge and proceeded along, until about midway across the river; then she paused, and, resting her head wearily against the iron guard, looked down into the water. For some moments she stood there in the attitude of one in deep thought. At length she raised her head, and, clasping her thin hands, gave utterance to a moan of despair.

"God forgive me," she cried, "for what I do, but I can bear up no longer! I shall go mad! Is there nowhere I can find rest? Yes, the river—the river—beneath its sparkling waters there is peace for me!" She seized hold of one of the iron supports at her side, and clambered upon the coping. "God have compassion on me," she cried, "and receive my soul."

Then, folding her arms tightly across her breast, she threw herself into the river. Nat Garvin saw her mount the rail, and at once, suspecting her intentions, he rushed forward.

"Great Heaven, she has leaped into the river!"

He looked up and down the stream, but saw no boat near enough to be of assistance. Out of the dark water two white arms appeared, two hands clutched convulsively at the air, and then disappeared from sight.

"She must be saved!" he exclaimed, unbuttoning and throwing off his coat.

Springing upon the guard, he looked off into the stream. Presently he thought he distinguished something like a human form appear upon the surface some little distance away. Without another instant's delay he sprang from the bridge and swam towards the spot. He was not mistaken; it was she. He reached forward and seized her just as she was disappearing again. Then came a terrible struggle. Twice she grasped his disengaged hand, and they sank together. He was rapidly becoming exhausted—he felt that his strength was failing him, that he could hold out but little longer. Suddenly both his arms were pinioned to his side. With all his might he strove to break the death-grip which held them, but in vain. They were sinking again together. The water was bubbling about his ears, but above its fearful murmur he heard another sound—the sound of voices quite near.

"Pull with all your might, Polly, pull!" some one cried, and the next moment a strong hand seized him, and he and the senseless woman clinging to him were lifted into a boat by Sampson Klopp and his courageous wife.

After several minutes had elapsed, and Nat had somewhat recovered from his exhaustion, he turned his eyes towards the unfortunate woman, whose head rested upon Polly's bosom. The moon was shining full upon her face, and as his gaze rested upon it his heart gave a great bound, for before him he beheld the beautiful features which had haunted his dreams ever since they first met his sight, colorless as now, in that wretched room five years before.

"Do you live near here, my friend?" he asked, turning towards Sampson.

"A little way up the river, sir," he replied.

"Can you shelter this unfortunate lady to-night?" inquired Nat. "If so, you shall be liberally remunerated for your trouble."

"Don't speak of that, sir," said Polly kindly. "Poor creature! she's welcome to shelter as long as she feels willing to remain."

"God bless you!" said Nat earnestly. "A woman's sympathy will do more for her than all the medical aid we can procure; for, if I am not mistaken, she has been laboring under a heavy burden of sorrow for a long time past."

"Poor young thing!" said Polly, gently stroking the dripping brown hair that fell in rich tresses from the shapely head that lay so motionless upon her breast.

In the meantime Sampson was pulling vigorously at the oars, and the boat moved rapidly along, and soon ran in towards the bank before the house of the Klopps. Nat secured the boat to a stake at the water's edge, and Sampson prevented it from swinging around, while Nat, with Polly's assistance, lifted the unconscious girl out and bore her into the house.

CHAPTER XV.

The sun was sinking in the west. Upon the porch of Sampson's house sat our heroine—Ella Warburton, as she still called herself, and who had now been an inmate of the Klopps' home three days. Her eyes rested mournfully upon the beautiful scene before her. At her side—his shoulder leaning against the door-casement—stood Nat Garvin, looking thoughtfully down into her face. At length, seating himself upon the step near her feet, he said in a low tone:

"You have promised to tell me the history of your life. Will you not do so now?"

"It is a sad history," she said, "but I will keep my promise."

He listened attentively, and it was some moments after she had concluded before he spoke; then he said:

"You say Warburton was your mother's maiden name, and that you assumed it for the purpose of evading your persecutor—but you have failed to tell me your own name. Surely you have no reason for withholding it from *me!* Will you not tell it to me?"

"My neglect to do so was not intentional," she replied. "I have become so accustomed to my assumed name that my own appears strange to me; my father's name was Thorndyke."

"Thorndyke!" exclaimed Nat, starting perceptibly, "Richard Thorndyke?"

"Yes," replied Ella in astonishment. "Did you know him?"

"No," he replied.

"Then how did you discover his given name?" she asked.

"I have heard his name before," he answered.

"Where?" she asked eagerly.

"I do not remember precisely," he responded.

His answer did not satisfy her. She looked at him sharply. He was lost in thought, and the expression of his face puzzled her. She felt satisfied that there was something on his mind which he did not wish to tell her—something in some way relating to her father. Turning towards her, at length he gently said:

"Yours has been indeed a life of sorrow, yet you should not give way to despair; for, remember, when all about seems darkest fortune often stands at the very threshold with a lighted torch, ready to lead us to prosperity and joy."

"I have struggled hard and hoped," she responded; "but hope is dead—dead in me forever. I have prayed earnestly that my heart's strings would snap, and its beating cease, but death would not come at my bidding. I was without shelter, without friend, and I sought rest beneath the waters of the river yonder."

"And Heaven sent me to save you, that you might enjoy the bright days that are in store for you!" he exclaimed.

"Alas! I have no hope," she said mournfully. "It was noble and brave of you to do what you did; but why did you not let me die? What have I to look forward to? When I leave this house, where I have met with such kindness, I must begin again my battle with the heartless world. Oh, I have not the courage—the strength—to undertake the struggle;" and, burying her face in her hands, she sobbed piteously.

When she had somewhat regained her composure he bent forward, and, taking her hand in his gently, said:

"You cannot tell what Providence has in store for you, but I believe your days of bitterness are almost past. Try and recall hope again to your heart, for it is the flashing blade before which despair and grief take flight or fall. Remember Moore's lines:

"Her precious pearl in Sorrow's cup
Unmeited at the bottom lay
To shine again when, all drunk up,
The bitterness should pass away."

"It is easy for poets to write," she said, "and easier still for those who have never tasted the bitterness of sorrow such as mine to speak hopefully. You cannot understand how despair has eaten away my heart, until there is none left for hope to feed upon."

"I wish to tell you a story," he said abruptly. "There once lived in this very city a young man who through his bad habits wrecked a life of promise. His friends, one by one, turned from him in despair, until at last he stood alone, a perfect wreck, with no hope for the future, shunned and despised. He could not bear to remain longer an outcast in his native city, so he turned towards the open country and tramped from place to place. He found human nature much the same, however, among green trees and flowers as it was in the busy city he had left. The farmer in the country looked upon him with the same distrust as the merchant in the city. At last despair—desperate and covered with rags—took possession of him, and he decided to rid himself of his wretched existence. The evening of the very day he had decided should be his last on earth an event transpired which turned the whole course of his life. He was enabled, in the far-away country, to earn success attended him. He led a better life, and when after five years he returned to the land of his birth he was a rich man, and one capable of doing acts of good. Sometimes advising those he saw about him who were struggling with trials and misfortunes."

"And you knew this man?" asked Ella.

"Very well indeed," he replied. "And you, too, are acquainted with him, for, on this very moment you are looking into his face."

"You!" she cried in astonishment.

"I," he answered. "And now that you know my story, will you not permit me to advise you? Bear up a little longer, be brave, and happiness will surely come to you."

"I will try to," she replied in a brighter tone; "I will try and learn patience from you."

The air was becoming chilly and damp, and, noticing that she drew the light shawl which hung about her shoulders close around her, he said:

"I see you are growing cold, and I doubt whether it is safe for you to expose yourself to the night-air longer in your present clothing."

"I feel somewhat fatigued," she answered, "and chilly, and perhaps it would be better for me to retire;" and, rising, she added, giving him her hand: "I will strive to be more cheerful in token of my gratitude to you for your kindness to me. God bless you! Good-night."

"Good-night," he replied. "Sleep gently to-night, and dream of the happiness which is sure to come to you."

He assisted her to the door, and gently pressed her hand at parting.

When she laid her head upon her pillow that night her heart was lighter than it had been for many months. Sleep fell upon her eyelids, and the man who had risked his life to save hers had spoken, an impression that there was a hidden meaning in them entered her mind, and hope began to kindle in her breast. As Nat stood upon the porch, after they had left him, lost in a deep reverie, Sampson Klopp appeared in the doorway.

"Won't you come in and sit down a while, Mr. Garvin?" he asked pleasantly.

"No, I thank you, but if you are not particularly engaged, Mr. Klopp, and don't object to a stroll in the cool air, I should like to have a few minutes' conversation with you."

"I am at your service, sir."

Together they passed out of the front-gate, and proceeded along the road. It was after eleven o'clock when Sampson returned home alone. Polly was sitting in the kitchen waiting for him, considerably worried at his long absence.

"In the name of all that's sensible," she inquired as he entered the room, "where have you been until this hour of the night?"

"I've been walking along the bank of the river talking with Mr. Garvin," he answered. "He's been asking me all sorts of questions about Mr. Redfield, the bookkeeper. I really believe he knew him, for he asked me all about his looks, and when I seen him last, and if I had any of his writing; and when I told him that I had got the ware-house with some of it in, he asked me if I'd let him see it if he came down there early to-morrow morning."

"There's something behind all this that we don't understand," said Polly meditatively.

"I believe there is," said Sampson, "for he's coming to the place at eight o'clock to-morrow morning to look at the book."

"Sam," exclaimed Polly suddenly, "do you think he's one of them detectives?"

"No, I don't," replied Sampson.

Sampson and Polly were perplexed; but as they saw no immediate prospect of their discovering the key to the mystery which puzzled them, they very sensibly decided to retire to rest, and let time work out its solution.

At exactly eight o'clock the next morning Nat entered Frederick Norton's place of business, and saluted Sampson with a cheerful "good-morning." Neither Norton nor the new bookkeeper had yet made his appearance.

"Now," said Nat, "with your permission I will look at the book we were speaking of last night."

Sampson took from a rack over one of the desks a small book, and, opening it at a certain page on which in a neat, business-hand were traced several entries of shipments, etc., passed it to Nat, who after examining the writing for a few moments closed the book, and, returning it with thanks, was about taking his departure, when his eyes rested upon the trap-door in the floor of the warehouse.

"What is there beneath here?" he asked.

"The wine-vaults," replied Sampson.

"Thank you," said Nat. "Good-morning;" and, shaking Sampson warmly by the hand, he passed into the street, leaving him more perplexed than before.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Good-morning!" said Nat, as he entered Polly's cosy dining-room, near the window of which sat Ella. "I am glad I see you looking so much brighter and happier this morning."

She looked up into his open, handsome face, and, smiling, replied:

"It is to you I owe the change, for the words you spoke to me last night have since been ringing in my ears, reviving the sleeping hope which I thought was dead forever."

"We should never give up hope," he said. "You have been unjustly dealt with. Justice has been slow to act, but it will burst forth at an unexpected moment, overturning every defense and stronghold trickery and deceit has raised, and crushing to the earth the wretch who has so wronged and persecuted you!"

"I do not understand you," she said, trying to read his meaning in his face.

"It is not necessary you should understand me yet. Trust me—that is all," he said.

"I do," she responded earnestly. "You have my full confidence."

She raised her glorious eyes towards his face and extended her hand, and as he grasped it he felt a wild thrill of pleasure shoot through every nerve. How he longed to tell her of the love for her that filled his heart!

"To you I owe the life I sought to end," she continued, permitting her hand to rest quietly in his. "I realize now the folly of that act, and how great a debt I owe you for waking me from a horrid dream to a new existence. How can I ever prove my gratitude?"

He drew her towards him, and gently answered:

"I have done my duty, nothing more, and my reward will be ample if I am instrumental in making you happy."

"I am happy!" she replied, "very happy to-day." There was something in the tone of her voice which told him that she loved him, and he felt a glow of pride and pleasure in his heart.

As she looked up into his manly face she experienced, for the first time since her father's death, a feeling of security, for she knew that in the strong man before her she possessed a true friend and protector.

"I have something to ask of you," he said after a long pause—"an unpleasant thing—but I ask it for your good. To-morrow evening there is to be a fashionable reunion at Frederick Norton's house. I intend to give myself the pleasure of making one of the guests, and I wish you to be there also."

"Me—impossible!" she exclaimed in amazement.

"You are mistaken," he answered. "It is quite possible—in fact, your presence is necessary to the successful development of a little plan I have arranged—in other words, a surprise I have in store for Mr. Norton. That worthy gentleman has succeeded in raising about him a sort of fortification, behind which he exists in perfect tranquility, believing it impossible that anyone could assail him with success. Perhaps, yet there is a single weapon before which he must fall. That weapon, I believe, I possess."

"You! I do not comprehend your meaning," she exclaimed.

"Yet to-morrow evening you will fully," he answered. "There will be a scene enacted at Norton's which I am anxious you should witness. I have a pleasant surprise in store for you. But I see you look more perplexed than before."

"Indeed, all you are saying is like an enigma to me," she responded. "But if my presence at Frederick Norton's house is necessary to the development of your plan, I will go there as you wish."

"Thank you!" He shook her hand warmly. "You will not regret going, I assure you, for you will see an act of retribution done. You shall be provided with a suitable outfit," he added, as he noticed her looking down at the threadbare garment she wore.

"Pardon me!" she exclaimed, her cheeks flushing. "But I could not accept—even from you—a gift of such a character."

"You misunderstand me," he said, smiling. "I do not mean to make you a gift of the things you require; I merely propose making the necessary advance to obtain them—taking your promise to refund the amount expended within thirty days."

"You are kind to me," she said, noticing a merry twinkle in his eye.

"Far from it," he replied, "as you will soon discover, for I have already ordered a modiste to wait on you here this morning with a large stock of ladies' costumes ready-made, so that you will have only to select the material you like, and allow her to take your measure, in order to have the garments in your possession within two hours from the time she leaves the house."

"But—" said Ella.

He broke in upon her, however.

"Do not offer the slightest objection, for have I not told you you are under no obligations to me."

"But I can never repay you!" she said.

"Give yourself no anxiety on that score," he responded; "I have no doubt of your ability to meet the obligation before many days have passed."

She looked at him in amazement. The more she wondered the more perplexed she became; at length she said:

"Will you not explain the meaning of your words?"

"I must ask you to wait patiently for a little while. The explanation you ask will come in good time. I have something pleasant in store for you, and ask that you will have sufficient faith in my judgment to follow my advice."

"I will," she replied; "and I beg that you will pardon me for the hesitation I have shown. Let me know your wishes, and I will comply with them."

"Thank you," he said. Then, taking from his pocket a small square package, he presented it to her, saying: "You will wear these to please me to-morrow evening, will you not?"

She took the package and removed the paper wrapper, disclosing to view a small ebony box, inlaid with choice woods, which she eagerly opened. Then she gave utterance to an exclamation of amazement and admiration as her eyes rested upon a beautiful necklace of pearls, with earrings and brooch to correspond. They were exquisite.

"These I ask you to accept as my gift," he said.

"These—for—me?" and her eyes filled with tears of gratitude and joy. Turning towards him, she placed both hands in his, and said: "God bless you for your kindness to one who has known so little of it for years!"

He raised her hand silently to his lips and kissed it; then in a low voice said:

"To-morrow evening!"

"To-morrow evening," she responded.

At that moment Polly entered the room in a flutter of excitement, with the information that a carriage was stopping before the door.

"It is the modiste," said Nat, as Polly hurried away to answer the door-bell. She returned a moment later to say that the lady was waiting. "She has instructions to supply you with all of the articles of which you are in need," said Nat to Ella; "and, that you need not keep her waiting, I will finish what I have to say and then be off. I shall not be able to accompany you to Norton's house. My doing so would interfere with the accomplishment of my purpose. It will be necessary for you to leave the house unannounced, after the guests have assembled, and take your stand in the conservatory, which is off the drawing-room to the right as you enter it by the rear door. Polly is engaged to-night, and will show you where to go; full directions, and you will have only to follow her instructions. At ten o'clock I will be there. I wish to speak to Polly while you are engaged with the dressmaker; so, until we meet again, *adieu*."

"How good and noble he is!" she thought, as she passed out of the room.

In the parlor—or front-room, as Polly called it—she found her visitor awaiting her. She was a small woman, very active in her movements and rapid in her mode of speech. She stepped forward as Ella entered, saying:

"Miss Thorndyke, I presume?" and, without waiting for Ella to reply, added: "I will take your measure."

Producing from a small satchella tape-measure, she at once proceeded to do so. Having concluded this portion of her business, she took from the satchel three packages of samples, and, placing them upon a table near him, explained to Nat that friends; the wife has come to make her preparations for departure, and the would-be lover comes to seek his mistress-that-is-to-be, for they are soon to be married and travel. They have put on her cloak and bonnet, and is leaving with Nourvady, when her son, aged only seven years, enters, sees his mother dressed, and begs her to take him with her. She strives to shake him off, but the child clings to her and insists, whereupon the man of iron will, for once losing his sangfroid, gives little Raoul a violent push, which throws him to the ground. Her son's cry at last rouses the woman's motherly feelings; but her first instinct, instead of rushing to her prostrate child, is to spring at Nourvady and seize him by the throat. The man who was so ready and willing to commit general and indiscriminate massacre half an hour previously turns away to escape strangulation. Lionnette then throws herself sobbing on the body of her boy, whom she fondles to his senses. The climax of romanticism and impossibility is reached when the mother sends for her husband, and he the Count, after hearing the fervent profession of her innocence, which she pours forth to him on her knees, takes her to his bosom and forgives her.

"Madame De Navaret,"
a three-act comedy by Eugene Nus and Charles De Courcey, was presented for the first time at the Vaudeville Theatre, Paris. A correspondent, who speaks of it as "a pure, simple, yet interesting piece, which comes as a welcome relief after the sensational and coarse dramas that have of late disfigured the French stage," thus tells the story: The heroine is the widow of a distinguished officer, who since her husband's death, twenty years previous to the rising of the curtain, has lived in almost complete retirement on a little property she owns close to Compiegne. She has an only son, Jean, in whom is concentrated her whole affection. It is an excessive maternal love—the blindest of all, perhaps—is not without its dangers. The chateau has another occupant, whose influence on the current of the story is, however, imperceptible—a pretty orphan niece of Madame Duval, Blanche, who has adored, and whose name is Berengere. There are very few visitors at Navaret, and for the young people life is not of the gayest in the villa. Jean has a friend, however, Robert De Chanteclose, joyous *viveur*, who, between Paris and Compiegne, contrives to pass his existence in any but a dull way. Madame De Navaret's most earnest aspiration is to prevent her son from adopting his father's profession; no effort of hers will be spared to keep Jean from entering the army; yet, as the sequel will show, she has no one but herself to blame, when finally the young man sees no other course open to him but to don his country's uniform. The mother does not approve her son's close intimacy with Robert, and, from her point of view, she has good reason for considering Chanteclose a disadvantageous companion. He mixes in the fast world of the capital, and, having nothing else to do, devotes a great amount of time to his attachment. Robert has a sister, Madame De Risieux, a charming giri, who had made a love-match with one of the most upright and high-minded of Parisian stockbrokers. She had been chiefly attracted to M. De Risieux by his reputation for jealousy; but she had become his wife, her lord and master proved the most placid of husbands, and cannot be induced to show the least sign of the tiger's disposition which is supposed to lurk beneath his calm exterior. The lady would like, however, to make an occasion for throwing him into a fury. Robert, without any ill intention, has brought Jean to dine at a chalet just taken in the neighborhood by a demimondaine, a friend of Robert's. During the course of the evening, after a copious flow of champagne, the company grow quarrelsome, and a dispute between Jean and one of the officers of the garrison ends in swords being placed in their hands; the two are disarmed at his first pass, and the incident is then and there brought to end; cards are brought in to keep the whole party pleasantly occupied until the next morning. Jean, who has no secret from his mother, tells her where he had passed the night. As she does not attach any importance to his escapade, but when she hears of the duel—without knowing her son had been one of the actors in it—Madame De Navaret thinks the opportunity a good one for inspiring him with a dislike for such company. She accordingly ridiculates the young man who had been disarmed, saying that he had evidently been treated by those present as if he were merely a child. "But," exclaims Jean, trembling with anxiety and wounded pride, "what else could he have done?" "Why, if honor be really at stake," replies the officer's widow, "when a sword falls it should be picked up again!" The young man from that instant has only one thought—to provoke his antagonist to a fresh encounter, and for that purpose he goes to consult Robert, who endeavors in vain to make him see the absurdity of his conduct. But Jean looks on his mother as an oracle in such matters, and believes he would be unworthy of his name were he to rest under what he imagines to be a slight inflicted on his youth and inexperience. Robert tells him the officer with whom he had fought is to leave Compiegne by the midnight train for Algeria, so that there would be no possibility of arranging a duel, which, besides, would be utterly ridiculous under such circumstances. Jean, however, has made up his mind, and, if his friend refuses to accompany him, he will go to Compiegne alone. Thereupon Robert sees no other means of turning him from his project but to inform Madame De Navaret of it, and the unfortunate mother is thunderstruck when she learns the fatal effect of her thoughtless words. She is powerless to prevent her son from carrying out his resolution, for it was herself who inspired it. In this terrible dilemma an unexpected ally arrives in the person of the fascinating Madame De Risieux, who has come dressed for an evening party, which she has induced Madame De Navaret to give. If Jean can be detained at the villa for an hour, there will be no danger of his arriving at Compiegne before the departure of the officer he wishes to provoke. So Madame De Risieux—who, as I have said, would not be sorry to rouse her husband from the state of absolute content in which she thinks, he pushes too far—begins a warm flirtation with the young man, who, it should be said, had long ardently admired her. He falls into the trap without the slightest suspicion, and goes the length of proposing to abandon the intended duel, and to remain dishonored in his own eyes, if the lady will promise him her love. She resists, and he becomes more and more pressing, until at last he begins to suspect that she is playing with him, and declares that, if she does not give him the bouquet in her corsage as a gage of the affection she professes, he will proceed to Compiegne, as he had intended. Madame De Risieux refuses, and Jean leaves. The lady hesitates as to whether to call him back or not, but takes the bouquet from her dress, looks at it, and, with a final and very resolute "Decidedly, no!" uttered loudly to herself—to chase away the demon of temptation, probably—throws the flowers on the table and hastens out of the room. Madame De Navaret, who is aware of all that has taken place, comes in and perceives Jean lingering in the garden under the balcony, sees the bouquet on the table, hesitates a moment before touching it; but at last, carried away by her maternal instinct, and her desire to save her son, throws it through the open window. Jean remains, and on the conclusion of the party comes to claim from the amazed Madame De Risieux the reward of the sacrifice he had made for her sake. The high words which follow between them bring in the husband, and in the midst of the violent scene of provocation that ensues, in which Jean seems to desire nothing so much as to find an adversary against whom he may prove his courage, Madame De Navaret appears and makes full confession of the unjustifiable manner in which she had compromised her friend's reputation. M. De Risieux is fully satisfied, "I have fought too many duels," he says, "to have my courage called in question, and I shall not tarnish my wife's honor by crossing swords for her." Then, turning to Jean, he tells him he has the future before him to establish a reputation for bravery on a field of battle, and the young man, impressed by his words, at last perceives that it is in the career followed by his father he must aim—that of a soldier. He takes leave, and we hear no returns with honor he will find happiness in the form of his pretty cousin, Berengere, waiting to reward him for having served his country manfully. His mother bows her head under the reproach that she has failed in her duty, and is punished. Madame Farguell appeared as the heroine, Mlle. Blanche Pierson as Madame De Risieux, M. Dieudonne as the husband, Pierre Berton as Jean, and M. Vois as Robert De Chanteclose.

CLIPPER SONGS:
"OF THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE, AND FOR THE PEOPLE."

Buckle on the Gospel Sword.

ORIGINAL NEW HYMN, WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY ED. GARDENIER (OF GARDENIER AND CARPENTER), BROOKLYN, N. Y.

I see de land of Canaan afar,
So buckle on your gospel sword;
I'se swine for to ride in de gospel car,
Den a-join in de army of de Lord;
De road am hard and long, I know—
So buckle on your gospel sword;
If you believe in de lamb it's smooth enough,
Den a-join in the army of de Lord.
Chorus.—Glory, glory, buckle on your gospel sword,
Glory, glory, join in de army of de Lord.
(Repeat.)

He saved the ark and all the cattle,
So buckle on your gospel sword;
And he'll save you, too, if you go in de battle,
And join in de army of de Lord.
O sinner, sinner! what will you do?
Buckle on de gospel sword;
On de judgment-day what will you do
If you don't join the army of de Lord?
Chorus.—Glory, etc.

Children, children, join our band,
And buckle on de gospel sword,
For we are bound for a happy land—
Den a-join in de army of de Lord;
No more trouble, no more pain,
If you buckle on de gospel sword.
Oh, if I sat you once again,
Will you join in de army of de Lord?
Chorus.—Glory, etc.

This Patch from My Angel Brother's Pants.

AIR.—*'Tis a Flower From My Angel Mother's Grave.*
DEDICATED TO PRESS MAN PHILLIPS, BY L. H. KLUTH.

I've a song to sing to-night, and I'll try my best to please,
I have something sweet to say in words few—
So listen, my friends, and I hope you will not sneeze
At this something that I've got to say to you.
Ah, it's well do I remember how my sister she would laugh
When she sat by the fire with my aunts;
She was giggling and was pointing at this object here in view—
'Twas this patch from my angel brother's pants.
Chorus.
Treasured in my memory like a happy dream,
When I think about my ugly aunts,
And the only thing they've left me to remember him above,
Is this patch from my angel brother's pants.

This patch was put on by my mother's feeble hands—
It puts me in mind of bitter days;
And whenever I look at this patch upon those pants
I think of how my mother use to say:
"Augustus, my loved one, do not spoil that little spot,
For you know it's a treasure to your aunts;
It's the only thing we've left in remembrance of him—
Yes, that patch from your angel brother's pants."

DIDN'T SWEAR HIMSELF.

A Philadelphia anecdote, forty years old, but possibly new to cold type, is told by a correspondent of *The Boston Commonwealth*. The subject was the venerable Cromwell Barnard, a member of the Society of Friends, and skipper of the sloop Union of Nantucket, then being at a Philadelphia wharf. Barnard was promenading the quarter-deck, when a schooner, hauling out of the dock, fell afoul of the Union, and the schooner's captain began to swear vociferously. Of course, it didn't do any good, and, as Barnard took no notice of it, the captain yelled in a perfectly audible voice that he was an old shad-belly, predixing a participle that is usually considered to be eminently profane. Mr. Barnard couldn't stand this, so he called down the main hatchway to the mate: "Zimri! Zimri! come on deck and talk some of thy language to this man alongside."

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

EUROPEAN NOVELTIES.

"Princesse de Bagdad,"

Alexander Dumas' new piece, of which a brief notice appeared in our past issue, was produced at the Theatre Francais, Paris, Jan. 31. The plot is as follows: The author's heroine is the wife of the Count De Hun, a French nobleman of good family, who had fallen so deeply in love with her superb beauty that he had married her in defiance of his mother's malediction, and the opposition of all his relatives. Lionnette De Hun is a King's daughter. Some twenty-seven years before the action commences the heir to a throne had come to learn experience of life and its pleasures in Paris, and had formed a liaison with the handsome daughter of a disreputable mother, whose only aim was to sell her girl to the highest bidder. The child born of this left-handed marriage is Lionnette; her mother has since died, her father also, but not until he had spent some years on the throne. The Countess' genealogy is related at unnecessary length, perhaps, but evidently with the object of explaining the singular mixture of overweening pride and thorough absence of principle which exists in Lionnette's disposition. His Highness had been known by the sobriquet of "Prince de Bagdad" during his career of pleasure here, and the title has passed to his daughter. The curtain rises on a drawing-room in the hotel of the De Huns, in the Avenue de Villiers. The De Huns, we at once learn, are ruined; the wife's extravagance has involved her husband hopelessly, and in the desperate position of their affairs the only remedy she suggests is that they should pay as many of their debts as possible then smother themselves together by means of a charcoal-burner, so as to avoid degradation and misery. Her little boy of seven will probably be taken care of by the Count's family; at any rate, neither his father nor his mother can serve him by continuing to live. When beautiful women talk of suicide in the utmost extravagance, evidently means what she says; her ideas go no further. At this point a personage who might have stepped out of the pages of "Monte Christo" appears on the scene. He possesses the name of Nourvady, and is stranger than his name. His father, an American or Greek banker, had on his death left him in command of a fortune of forty millions of francs, with which comparatively trifling sum the young gentleman carries out projects before which the splendors and fantasies contained in Scheherazade's tales pale in magnificence. His cold exterior is supposed to hide volcano passions, and he is of the most iron will. He does not know what it is to be thwarted in a desire, for his wealth has always enabled him to gain his object; but if difficulties ever arose in his path he has removed them by his terrible skill as a duelist—a highly romantic character, as you perceive. Nourvady for some reason not explained, but which would call for explanation, has been the Count's guest at dinner, and after the coffee he makes a proposal to the Countess that might startle any other woman than one who does the King and counter's daughter. He has long been violently in love with her, and is determined she shall be his; sooner or later she must yield; he knows she and her husband are in an unfavorable position, and offers her the means of escaping from her embarrassment. He has had a mansion built in the Champs Elysees, has had it furnished with the most perfect taste; an Arab casket in one of the salons contains a million in gold pieces, coined expressly for her, no other hand has ever touched them; there are horses, carriages, servants—all, in fact, that any wonderful lamp could call into existence; he takes a little key from his pocket, and tells her with a low tone that she has only to use it and hotel, casket, million, etc., are hers. Lionnette seems fascinated by the singular man and his offer, but the royal blood in her veins is supposed suddenly to revolt, for she flings the key through the open door, and when Nourvady observes with a meaning sneer that she has thrown it no farther than her garden, she dismisses him from her presence in a towering passion. It would be hard to say whether Lionnette's intentions at this moment were those of an ordinarily honest woman, but, if they were, they suddenly receive a fatal shock. Her unfortunate husband rushes in in a state of bewilderment and jealousy, because he has learned that Nourvady has had the audacity to pay all his wife's creditors! The Count believes, and we cannot be surprised at his doing so, that Lionnette is Nourvady's mistress. The lady flies into a tantrum of indignation, not against the man who has dishonored her irretrievably by compromising her name in such an unjustifiable manner, but against her poor, heart-broken husband, whom she repels with a contemptuous wave of her hand, calling him "imbecile!" The curtain falls on the first act, and after a night which brought counsel Lionette feels the absolute necessity of having a full explanation. With whom? Doubtless with the unfortunate Count, whom she had so basely treated. No! at all; with the wretch who has tarnished her fair fame to gain his perfidious, wicked ends by her ruin. So, as Nourvady had predicted, she picks up the key in the garden, and we should be not a little surprised to see her veiled figure, clothed in black, entering the famous salon in the Champs Elysees mansion, if we did not know that otherwise the pi

ATHLETIC.

AMATEUR 24-HOUR RACE.

The go-as-you-please contest, open to all amateurs, projected by Thomas H. Noonen, the contestant traveling the greatest distance in twenty-four hours to be declared the winner, took place in the American Institute building, this city, on an accurately-measured eighth-of-a-mile track, made of loam and sawdust, on Feb. 21, 22. The weather was cold and the building was decidedly cheerless and uncomfortable for both competitors and spectators, of the former of whom there was a plentiful supply, while the latter made a fair showing on the opening night, but were present in but limited numbers on the closing day and evening. No less than seventy of the seventy-five young men and youths who had entered responded to the summons and took their places opposite the five scoring stands placed around the inner inclosure, the projector having abandoned his original intention of limiting the number of starters to thirty. As many of those participating were unknown on the pedestrian path, and few of the remainder had ever before taken part in any long-distance event, it was not surprising that the ranks should become rapidly thinned, and the race be speedily narrowed down to a mere handful of plucky and ambitious peds. At the close of the first hour M. Sadler Gramercy A. C., held the lead, with a score of 8¾ miles; at two hours H. Fredericks and W. Fitzgerald, S. A. A. C., were leading, each having 15¾ miles to his credit; at three hours Fitzgerald was first, with 21¾ miles; at four hours, F. Girard, E. C. A. C., had worked into first place, with 27⅞ miles. J. H. Chisholm, N. S. A. C., then assumed the lead, the fifth hour seeing 32¾ miles opposite his name, and he retained the foremost position during the next three hours, the figures at the end of each being 38⅜, 42⅞ and 49 miles. Then James Saunders, Williamsburg A. C., went to the front, and kept there until the eighteenth hour, his score at the close of each of the intervening hours being respectively 54⅛, 60, 65⅝, 71¾, 76¾, 81¾, 86⅛, 91⅜ and 95¾ miles. T. Buckley, Adelphi A. C., now assumed the lead, and was not afterwards deprived of it, his hour-score from eighteen up being respectively 98¾, 103, 107⅝, 111¾, 114⅝ and 118 miles, he retiring at 22h. 46m. 5s. P. M., having mutually agreed with the others then on the track to bring the wearisome affair to an end. Saunders covered 115¾ miles in 22h. 48m. 10s.; F. Carr, N. Y. City, 110¾ miles in 22h. 50m.; H. F. Guiley, Brooklyn, 102 miles in 22h. 52m. 15s.; T. Brooks, N. Y. City, 100 miles in 22h. 50m. 45s; T. Smith Jr., Brooklyn, 98¼ miles in 20h. 30m.; T. S. Holmes, Williamsburg, L. I., 87¾ miles in 22h. 15m. 40s. W. Fitzgerald received the extra prize offered by the promoter for the best performance during the first three hours, and T. S. Holmes, by consent of Buckley, received the prize offered for the greatest distance traveled in the last three hours. From thirty miles up the time-records to be mentioned are the best made outside of the professional arena anywhere. There had never before been an amateur contest of 30 miles here, and none in England above 81 miles. Fitzgerald has the record for 30 miles, Chisholm from 31 to 38, Saunders from 39 to 41, Chisholm from 42 to 43, Saunders from 44 to 46, Chisholm from 47 to 49, Saunders from 50 to 55, Chisholm from 56 to 58, Saunders from 59 to 95, and Buckley from 96 up.

THATCHER vs. HOWE.

The match in which Harry Thatcher gave Stump Howe four minutes start in a two-hours walk, the latter carrying a two-gallon bottle, neck downwards, on his bare head, was decided at the Lambeth Baths Gymnasium, London, Eng., Feb. 7. The articles stipulated that Howe should be allowed to touch the bottle but twice during the journey, and would not be allowed to remove it from his head. In the first mile (24 laps) Thatcher had gained seven laps, and at the end of the second thirteen laps, and when 3 miles 17 laps had been covered he had wiped off exactly a mile. Still continuing to run in grand form, the first hour saw the scores: Thatcher, 7 miles 5 laps; Howe, 9 miles 7 laps—the former being thus about 2 miles 130 yards behind. Thatcher continued to gain until just before an hour and a half had gone, when he dropped his hands as if beaten, he being then 1 mile 8 laps behind, whilst when Howe had scored thirteen miles the Southwark man was exactly a mile in the rear. It was now apparent that Thatcher must lose, barring accidents, and it appeared only a case of walking out time. But there was still some excitement in store for the onlookers, for, just as the watch showed that they had but eight seconds to go, "Stumpy" struck his left leg against one of the irons that support the ropes, in forming the course, and down came the bottle onto the ground, when he had covered 14 miles 35yds., against 13 miles covered by Thatcher. A scene then ensued, the public crowding down into the bath, surrounding the referee, and clamoring for a verdict. The referee, however, reserved his decision, and afterwards declared Thatcher the winner.

NEW YORK A. C.

The Winter meeting of this club will be held at Madison-square Garden on the evenings of March 14, 15, commencing at eight o'clock each night. Events to be decided: 75, 220 and 440 yard dashes; one mile handicap runs; five-mile run, from scratch; 220yds. run, for members of N. G. S. N. Y.; 220 and 440 yards hurdle handicaps; one-mile walk, for those who have never beaten 8min.; three-mile handicap walk, one-minute limit; two-mile and five-mile bicycle handicaps; team tug-of-war, four men, aggregate weight 600lb, two substitutes allowed, 10min. limit; team tug-of-war, military, five men, two substitutes, 10 min. limit. There will also be a professional five-mile run on the first evening. For first prize in each event (except military tug) fine Auburndale stop-watches will be given, and for second prize (except in tugs-of-war) handsome silver medals. Gold medals will be given in the military tug to each member of the winning team. Entrance-fee, fifty cents per man for each event. The right to reject any entry is reserved. Entries close on Saturday, March 5, with Will. Wood, secretary, P. O. Box 3,101.

THE EASTER HANDICAP.

Entries are already coming in for the second All-United States 135yds. handicap projected by John H. Clark, Frank Gormley and James Dawson, the sporting trio of the Quaker City, who offer prizes of $100, $35, $10 and $5. The event will be decided on Easter Monday, April 18, at Scattergood's Lamb Tavern track, the scene of the former successful contest. Entrance-fee, one dollar. entries closing March 14, and to be made with either J. H. Clark, 118 Vine street; Frank Gormley, 1,035 Locust street; or James Matley, 209 Race street, Philadelphia. Acceptance, one dollar, closing April 6. There will also be a half-mile handicap run, open to all amateurs, for gold and silver medals, the entries (fee, one dollar) closing April 6, as above. Clark will be general manager and act as referee, Gormley treasurer and Dawson handicapper. Shefield rules will be enforced.

SHIELDS vs. MEYER.—EDITOR CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir:* In your issue of Feb. 26 I have seen a challenge from J. D. Shields, asking me to swing a 56lbce club match with him. I have only practiced this exercise for my own physical development, I will have to decline swinging the clubs with the "Knight of the Razor," and allow him the extreme felicity of styling himself "Monarch of the Club." Yours, respectfully, IKE MEYER.

THE ASBURY UNIVERSITY STUDENTS held an athletic entertainment at Greencastle, Ind., Feb. 22, the winners of the several events being: Two-mile run—Henry Ridpath. Ladies' race, one mile—Miss Britton; Miss Hays second. Sack-race—Mr. Inglehart. Running high-jump—F. Severy. Standing-jump—C. Cantwell. Running-jump — M. Titus. 400yds. run—M. Michael. Dumbbell lifting—Chas. Asbury. Wheelbarrow-race—C. Funk.

SPORT AT PORTSMOUTH, N. H.—Several events were decided at this place on Washington's Birthday, resulting as follows: Ten-mile heel-and-toe walk was won by D. F. Collins, in 1h. 49m.; A. F. Jenness second, in 1h. 49m.; Charles E. Lewis third, in 1h. 49m. 30s. In a five-mile race Dennis Driscoll won in 40min. The best time by the local peds. for one mile was made by Charles F. Locke—7m. 58s.

A MATCH at pigeons was shot by Messrs. Arnold and Retlaw, the latter receiving the odds of ten dead birds in fifty, and being allowed to stand at 25 yards, whilst his opponent stood at 29 yards, at the grounds of the Riverton (N. J.) Gun Club, Feb. 22. Arnold's superiority was manifest, the latter only failing to keep Retlaw's courage up, and after killing 25 (including the ten allowed) out of 37 to Arnold's 33 out of 38 he gave up the struggle.

THE CUP of the Long Island Shooting Club was shot for Feb. 21 at Dexter Park, on the Jamaica road, L. I., thirteen members firing at seven birds each, with this result: Van Cleef (25yds. rise), Creed (25), Gillette (24) and Metcalf (22) killed six apiece, and in shooting off Van Staten won, killing six more in succession to Creed's five, Gillette's two and Metcalf's one. Wilson (26), Madison (26) and Tate (21) each knocked down five.

DUNCAN C. ROSS is now sole proprietor of "The Greenroom," No. 8 and 4 Post-office Court, Providence, R. I., his former partner, E. W. Johnston, having drawn out. The athletic Scotchman knows full well how to paddle his own canoe, and we are not surprised to hear that he is prospering; but that fact does not deter him from adding to the attractiveness of his sporting resort.

THE WILLIAMSBURG (L. I.) ATHLETIC CLUB will give an entertainment at Lyceum Hall, South Eighth street, near Fourth, on Friday evening, March 4. It is to consist of sparring, wrestling, club-swinging, dancing and tugs-of-war. Among the professionals who have promised to appear are Wm. McClellan and Mike Donovan, boxers, and Edwin Bibby and Wm. Hoefler, wrestlers.

J. HIBBERD won a thirty-six-hours walk contestants to travel six hours daily, at Lambeth Baths Gymnasium, London, Eng., Jan. 31 to Feb. 5. His score was 191 miles 4 laps; E. Thomas second, 186 miles. In a similar contest at the same place, in January, 1880, Hibberd won with 201 miles 13 laps. Wm. Taylor, who was over here with George Fearn, had charge of the arrangements.

A FIFTEEN-MILE heel-and-toe walk at Attica, Ind., Feb. 19, between Noel Cantway of Momenee, Ill., and Frank Higgie of the former place, resulted in defeat for Cantway. When he had made 12 miles 12 laps to Higgie's 13 miles 25 laps he left the track, and Higgie walked out the 15 miles in the alleged time of 2 hours 14 minutes.

A THREE-HOUR GO-AS-YOU-PLEASE RACE took place at the Brown-street rink, Salem, Mass., Feb. 22. M. J. Happeny winning, with a score of 24 miles 8 laps; Fenton second, 23 miles 7 laps; Gorman, 22 miles 8 laps. These are the official figures, but it is big odds that the alleged distances were not covered.

E. W. JOHNSTON, the all-round athlete, defeated Michael Murphy in a wrestling match—one fall sidehold, one collar-and-elbow, and one catch-as-catch-can—for $100, at Woods' Hall, Olneyville, R. I., Feb. 22. Johnston won all three falls. F. C. Johnston was referee.

THE MEMBERS of the Newton (Mass.) Rifle Association had some practice on Feb. 22 over their 200yds. range. E. B. Hitchcock scored 42 out of 50 possible points. F. L. Chaffin 41 and L. E. G. Green 38. With a military rifle H. J. Preston made 23 out of 25, and W. S. Cushman 22.

HORACE DAVENPORT, the champion amateur swimmer of England, lost his daughter, aged 3 years 4 months, Feb. 16. This bereavement will prevent him from fulfilling the numerous engagements made for next season.

THE INTERNATIONAL CONTEST.

As mentioned in last week's CLIPPER, a meeting was held on Monday, Feb. 21, at the Astor House, this city, by parties specially interested in the approaching contest at Madison-square Garden, March 7 to 12, in which Charles Rowell will contend against a pedestrian go-as-you-please who so far is not publicly known, and Daniel O'Leary will walk, square heel-and-toe, against England's best long-distance man in that style of locomotion, Harry Vaughan of Chester. Geo. W. Atkinson was there to look after the interests of the Britons, as likewise to represent the stakeholder, and Bryan G. McSwyny represented O'Leary, who was then in Chicago. The articles were produced and read, one or two clauses giving rise to some discussion, and Mr. McSwyny declining to sign the instrument until he received further instructions from Mr. O'Leary. An adjournment was accordingly had until the night of the 23d, to admit of communicating with the ex-champion, and then a further meeting was held at the Metropolitan Hotel, at which, upon the strength of a power of attorney, O'Leary's representative attached his name to the articles, which, although rather lengthy, are given in full below, in order that our readers may have a thorough knowledge of the conditions of an event which promises to be memorable in the annals of pedestrianism:

MEMORANDUM OF AGREEMENT made and entered into this twenty-first day of February, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one, by and between Charles Rowell of London England, party of the first part, and Daniel O'Leary of Chicago, Illinois, party of the second part, as follows:

Whereas, the party of the first part has been challenged by the said Daniel O'Leary for a six-days "go-as-you-please" pedestrian contest, against a pedestrian to be named and produced by said party of the second part, for a money-stake of two thousand five hundred dollars a side, and has accepted said challenge.

And whereas, said Daniel O'Leary, the party of the second part, has challenged Henry Vaughan of England for a six-days square heel-and-toe walk, for a money stake or wager of two thousand five hundred dollars a side, which challenge has been accepted, and said match is to take place at the same time and place as said "go-as-you-please" match.

And whereas, said parties have entered into an agreement, bearing even date herewith, with Messrs. J. & L. F. Kuntz, the lessees of Madison-square Garden from the seventh to the twelfth days of March, 1881, inclusive, for holding said contests in said Madison-square Garden, commencing on said seventh day of March, 1881, and terminating on said twelfth day of March, 1881, under the provisions of said agreement.

Now, therefore, this agreement witnesseth that the said party of the first part has agreed, and hereby does agree, to match himself against a pedestrian to be produced and entered by said party of the second part in a six-days go-as-you-please pedestrian contest for a money-stake of twenty-five hundred dollars a side, to take place at Madison-square Garden, in the city of New York, to commence on Monday, March 7, 1881, at five minutes past twelve o'clock A. M., and to terminate on March 12, 1881, at five minutes past ten o'clock P. M., in all 142 hours consecutively; said contest to be governed by the rules governing contests for the Astley pedestrian belt, so far as the same are applicable, and by such other rules as may be hereinafter or otherwise agreed upon, the man making the greatest distance in said contest without assistance to receive the entire stake of five thousand dollars, and such share, portion or per centage for admissions to said contest as hereinafter agreed upon.

And said party of the second part hereby agrees that he will produce and enter for said contest or match a first-class pedestrian, with a record of at least 550 miles in a six days contest, and will contend in said against England's Chas. Rowell, party of the first part, in said contest for said money-stake as hereinbefore provided.

And said party of the second part further agrees to and does hereby match himself against Henry Vaughan of England to walk a six-days square heel-and-toe match for a money-stake of two thousand five hundred dollars a side, to take place at Madison-square Garden, in the city of New York, to commence on Monday, March 7, 1881, at five minutes past ten o'clock P. M., in all 142 hours consecutively; said contest to be governed by the general rules governing square heel-and-toe pedestrian contests, and such other rules as hereinafter set forth, or as otherwise agreed upon; the man making the greatest distance within said time to receive the entire stake of five thousand dollars, and such share or portion of the receipts for admissions to said contest or gate-money as hereinafter agreed upon.

And said party of the first part agrees that he will produce and enter for said match, at said time and place, the said Henry Vaughan, and will match him against the said Daniel O'Leary, the party of the second part, for said money-stake as hereinbefore provided. It is further agreed that said stakes of twenty-five hundred dollars a side for each of said matches or contests, amounting in all to ten thousand dollars, shall be deposited with the editor of *The London Sporting Life*, or his duly authorized representative; and said editor of *The London Sporting Life* is hereby designated as the stakeholder for both of said matches, and that the whole of said stakes shall be so deposited, if notalready done, upon the signing of these articles.

And it is further agreed that the portion of the receipts for admission to said contests, to be paid over to the parties hereto in accordance with the agreement made between the parties hereto and Messrs. J. & L. F. Kuntz, hereinbefore mentioned, shall be deposited daily in some good and solvent bank in the city of New York, in the name of the final stakeholder, or his duly authorized representative, and shall be drawn only upon checks signed by said stakeholder or such representative, and countersigned by Bryan McSwyny as the representative of the second part; and that said gate-money or receipts for admission shall be held and apportioned as follows: The amount or portion of the entrance-fees or gate-money to be received by the parties hereto, according to the agreement with J. & L. F. Kuntz, after deducting the expenses, agreed to be paid by the parties hereto, shall be divided in two equal parts or halves, and two-thirds of one of said halves shall be paid over to the winner of said "go-as-you-please" match, or his order, and one-third of said half to the loser of said match, or his order; and the other of said halves shall be paid, two-thirds thereof to the winner of said walking-match, or his order, and the remaining one-third thereof to the loser of said walking-match, or his order.

And it is further agreed that the following named gentlemen shall be and they hereby are appointed judges of said contests or matches: Hamilton W. Busbey, representing *The Turf, Field and Farm* newspaper of New York; Charles M. Colvin, representing THE NEW YORK CLIPPER; and George W. Atkinson, representing *The London Sporting Life*; and one of said persons shall be appointed referee for both of said contests, and his decisions upon all questions shall be final; such referee shall be mutually agreed upon between the parties hereto at least three days before the commencement of said contests, and in the event of their failure to agree upon such referee not before said time, then he shall be named and appointed by the representative of the stakeholder.

And is it hereby further agreed that, in addition to the rules hereinbefore mentioned for the government of said matches or contests, the following rules are adopted and agreed upon:

I. Neither of the contestants in either of said contests shall hustle, push, or in any manner interfere with or impede or interrupt any of the other said contestants, and for a willful disobedience or violation of this rule any of said contestants offending may be warned by the judges to desist, and for a deliberate and continued violation of said rule the party offending may be disqualified and ruled out of said contest by the judges and referee.

II. In said match or contest between said Daniel O'Leary and Henry Vaughan the said contestants shall walk a fair heel-and-toe walk as generally understood and accepted, and as provided by the general rules governing such contests; and either said party violating this rule shall be warned by the judges to desist, and for a willful and persistent violation thereof may be disqualified and ruled out of said contest by the judges and referee.

III. When any or either of said contestants in either of said contests or matches are walking or running immediately behind and in a line with any other of said contestants, he shall keep at least three feet behind the man immediately in front of him, and avoid treading on his heels or otherwise interfering with him.

IV. The track or tracks upon which said contests are to take place shall be laid and constructed in the usual manner, and shall be accurately measured eighteen inches from the inside rail, and such measurement shall be duly certified by some competent and well-known city surveyor, and such track or tracks shall not be less than one-ninth of a mile in length each (if more than one).

V. No one but the contestants, trainers and their professional attendants shall be allowed upon said track or tracks during said contests, upon any pretext or excuse whatsoever, except spectators or employes connected in the same in going from one part of said garden to another, and then only at the regular places designated for crossing the same.

VI. No attendant or other person shall walk or remain upon said track accompanying any of said contestants for a greater distance than twenty feet at any one time, and then only for the purpose of furnishing such contestant with necessary food, refreshments or restoratives.

VII. None of such contestants in either of said matches shall reverse or change their direction of traveling upon said track except at the end of any mile, and then only after notice given to the judges on the last score at the beginning of the last lap of such mile.

VIII. In case either of the parties hereto shall fail to appear and take part in said contests, as herein agreed, or shall fail to produce the contestants agreed to be produced by them respectively to take part in said contests, the party failing to appear shall forfeit the entire stake upon such match in which he is entered, and also all share in the gate-money.

IX. It is expressly understood and agreed that the referee is authorized and empowered to decide all differences of opinion between the parties hereto, and in case of any misunderstanding between them, or any of said contestants, said referee shall decide between them according to the true spirit and meaning of these articles.

In witness whereof the said parties have hereunto set their hands the day and year first above written.

CHARLES ROWELL,
HENRY VAUGHAN,
BRYAN MCSWYNY (for Daniel O'Leary).

Rowell and Vaughan have continued steady and regular training during the past week, taking their track-exercise at the American Institute, and indulging daily in long walks in localities where fresh air abounds. O'Leary left Chicago, Ill., on Monday evening, 21, and the fact that he proceeded to Philadelphia and is now there gave color to the previously generally expressed belief that the man whom he is to pit against the seemingly invincible Rowell is James Albert of the Quaker City. Whether he is really the chosen one will not, however, be positively known for some days yet. That he will be a front-rank man, however, our readers may rest assured; and even should he not prove able to make the renowned little Britisher strike his colors, he may be depended upon to give him a really good race, and one which will materially aid in making the affair a complete success by keeping up the interest of the spectators from start until finish. If the reports which come to us regarding O'Leary's physical appearance and bodily health are reliable, he may be counted upon to do far better work than some think he is capable of, and a close race may be reasonably looked for between him and his quondam opponent.

JOHN J. MANLEY made an attempt, for a wager, to travel, go-as-you-please on foot, from Greenpoint, L. I., to Long Beach Hotel, L. I., along the car-track, and back again, a distance of 28 miles, inside of 5 hours and 30 minutes, through the storm of Friday, Feb. 25, and he is said to have accomplished the distance in five hours and two minutes.

N. E. HUTCHINS and Peter Rock wrestled in collar-and-elbow style, for $100, at Village Hall, Norwood, Mass., Feb. 22. Hutchins won, taking two falls, right hand to collar, and Rock winning one fall, left hand to collar.

EDWIN BIBBY and Clarence Whistler are to wrestle at Music Hall, Boston, Mass., on Monday night, March 7, for money put up by David Blanchard and other sporting men. The winner is to have $400 and the loser $200.

GEO. W. FLAGG and Edward Decker wrestled in collar-and-elbow fashion at West Fairlee, Vt. As usual nowadays, it ended in a draw, after each had gained two falls.

HARRY THATCHER and PERRY'S Unknown are matched to walk March 7 at Lillie Bridge, London, Eng., for $500 a side and the one-hour's championship.

OWEN HANCOCK and J. Hibberd are matched to walk twenty-six hours, for $250 a side, at the Marble Rink Grounds, London, March 18, 19.

SHUFFLEBOARD.

There was quite a gathering of noted experts in the game of shuffleboard at 63 Prince street on Feb. 24, the occasion being a private view of a model parlor "curling-table," recently constructed for Melville Fowler. Owing to a fall, Mr. Fowler was not able to be present himself, but there were a number of excellent judges of tables there, who pronounced the board a model one. It is about thirty feet in length, and the ornamental portion is constructed of ebonized black walnut, the bed being made of the best whitewood. Several games were played during the afternoon, among them one of best two out of three between Messrs. McCue and Baxter, which the former won by 21 and 21 to 12 and 13. Afterwards Messrs. Cady and McCue played a single game, which the latter won by 21 to 20. The play in these games was up to a very high mark.

THOMAS MALOY, Amateur Runner,

was born in New York City June 26, 1853; moved to Brooklyn when about five years old, and has lived there ever since. His height in stocking feet is 5ft. 8in.; weight in condition, 130lb; chest-measurement, natural, 34in.; inflated, 36½in.; thigh, 21in.; calf, 14½in. He commenced his public career by playing baseball as early as 1874, playing in various clubs, notably the Continentals, who played for the Prospect Park pennant in 1875. He played with them; also with the Wild Waves of South Brooklyn. Being a good runner, he often pulled a game out of the fire by stealing bases at the right time. At a picnic given by Star of the Sea Church in August 1877, he won first prize in a running-jump, clearing 16ft. 6in. In May 1878, he won a running-jump at the same church picnic, clearing 18 feet. At some games at South Brooklyn in December, 1878, he won a race of about 500yds., beating four others; also won a 300yds. race in Hoboken, N. J., Dec. 24. He made his first appearance at a regular athletic meeting on the occasion of the games of the Orion R. and A. A. of New Jersey, June 15, 1878, and was beaten in the first trial heat of the 100yds. run by E. L. Montagne and H. Suydam, and in the 220yds. run by W. C. Wilmer, La Montagne, and H. E. Rommell. July 4, same year, at the Staten Island A. C. games, was beaten in the 100yd. dash by Jos. Lafon and Geo. McNicol. Sept. 28, was beaten in the second trial heat of 100yds. race by J. B. Value and F. C. Saportas. At the new York A. C. games at Gilmore's Garden, Jan. 3, 4, 1879, Maloy ran from scratch in a 220yds. handicap, but was pocketed and fell when about 60yds. from the finish. Race was won from by J. C. Gilligan (15yds.); L. E. Meyers (8yds.), 2; time, 26sec. At the Scottish-American A. C. games, same place, Feb. 28, March 1, won his trial-heat in a 75yds. handicap from the three-yards mark in 8¾sec.; the final heat was won by W. C. Wilmer (18ft.) in 8sec.; Maloy, 2; W. J. Crowley (10ft.), 3. The Columbia College B. C. held games at the same place April 4, 5, and he was beaten in his trial-heat of the 75yds. run by R. H. Lee (scratch); Maloy (3yds.) beating E. McNicol (scratch) by a foot; time 8¼sec. At the New York A. C. games at Mott Haven May 30 the 100yds. race was won by Lee, after a close contest, by one foot, in 10¾sec.; Maloy second, in the 220yds., run Lee won again in 25sec.; Maloy second, beating W. H. Griffen, W. C. Moore and J. C. Gilligan. July 30, at the Manhattan A. C. games, Maloy ran from the five-yards mark in a 300yds. race, and was beaten (after a very hard run there being but six inches between the first three men) by L. E. Goodwin (15yds.) and J. King (20yds.); time, 37¾sec. Aug. 2, at the New Jersey A. C. games, the 100yds. dash was won by Myers in 10⅞sec.; Maloy second by one foot, beating L. A. Hilton and P. J. Kilpatrick. The 220yds. race was also won by Myers in 24¾sec.; Maloy again second, beating J. S. Voorhees, J. C. Gilligan, Drew and Stuart. At the first games of the Brooklyn A. C. Aug. 30 he won the first heat of the 100yds. run in 10¼sec., beating T. H. Holahan, J. B. Value and J. R. Wilmer, but was beaten in the final heat by Stuart (in 10 1-5sec.) and J. Lafon. In the 220yds. run he beat L. E. Myers, J. Lafon and F. B. Bourne; time, 25sec. At the Fall meeting of the Staten Island A. C. Sept. 13 the final heat of the 100yds. special run was won by Crowley in 10⅝sec.; B. R. Value second, Maloy third, and Lafon fourth. Maloy's next appearance was at the championship games, held Sept. 27 at Mott Haven, N. Y., when he won his trial heat of the 100yds. run in 10¾sec., beating W. T. Arthurs, the Canadian champion, and J. Lafon. He was beaten in the second trial by J. B. Value, H. H. Lee and R. L. La Montagne. He also finished third in a trial heat of the 220yds. run, Myers winning, with La Montagne second, beating Robertson of Montreal, Roedel and two others. At the Union A. C. Fall meeting, on the Brooklyn A. C. grounds, he won the first, second and third trial heats of 100yds. run from scratch in 10¾sec., 10⅝sec. and 10¼sec. He also won the 300yds. race from scratch in 38 1-5sec., and the handsome Duryee 440yds. Cup, from scratch, in 58sec., beating with ease twelve others. At the handicap games of the Brooklyn A. C. held Nov. 4, he won the 440yds. handicap, from scratch, in 56sec.; was beaten in the 100yds. run by Lafon, second, E. Vanderbeck, third, and eight others starting. He next competed at the Manhattan A. C. Winter meeting, Feb. 7, 1880, when he won for the second time the Duryee Cup, from scratch, in a 440yds. run (open only to the Manhattan A. C.), in 53⅘sec., beating eleven others. This cup had to be won three times in succession before becoming personal property. May 22, at the Spring games of the Manhattan A. C., this city, he won his trial-heat in the 220yds. in 24¾sec., the third in 25¾sec., and was beaten by D. H. Steele and F. W. Janssen in the final. At the same meeting he was beaten in the 100yds. run. May 31, he was a competitor at the N. Y. A. C. games, being beaten in the hundred by Youngerheis, Harvard Esquirol. July 5, at the Manhattan A. C. sports, he gained second place in the 220yds. run, his conqueror in both the trial and final heats being D. H. Steele, whose time in the latter was 24½sec. On the Fourth of July 31, the Clintons held their annual games on their grounds on Sackett street, Brooklyn, and here Maloy again won the 440yds. race for the Duryee Cup, which trophy thereby became his own. His time in the final heat was 59sec. C. A. Byrne (40yds. start), second by a yard. This race, we believe, closed his season's work on the track. In addition to those enumerated in this sketch, Maloy has engaged in several races of minor importance. Although never having attained a very prominent position among our amateurs, he has shown himself to be a persevering, plucky runner.

THE RING.

PETE CROKER took a "ben." at the "Old House at Home," presided over by Monsieur Geoghegan, at 105 Bowery, this city, on Monday evening, Feb. 21. There was a pretty good attendance and first-rate sport, the sparring including set-tos between Young Dunn and Young Dwyer, Dan Naughton and Young Croker, Wendlepool and Brown, Murray and Cullen, Johnny Riley and Johnny Saunders, P. McGinnis and Jack Gallagher, Jim Carney and Dan Critchley, Jerry Leary and Ed. Touhey, Pete Croker and Steve Taylor (wind-up). There was also singing and dancing galore, and Liberty won two falls from Eagan in a wrestling bout. Young Liberty apologized for the non-appearance on the stage of the veteran Bill Davis, who was ill in the room, but incapacitated through an attack of lumbago from attending to the duties of his office. Liberty was quite a success, both as an "orator" and as master of ceremonies.

THE LADS on board the U. S. training ship Minnesota, lying at the Brooklyn (L. I.) Navy-yard, had some sport on the gun-deck Feb. 22. Those who sparred were Jimmy Ross and Young Miller, W. Fenton and H. Sweeney, Mike Carney and Jimmy Dolan, Tommy Collins and Tommy Marvin, and Ed. McCue and G. Carney. Frank Hietenger and A. Viggers wrestled in Græco-Roman and Andy Hickey and Touno in collar-and-elbow style, while there was dancing by J. Bryant, J. Hagan, Eddy Woods, Johnny Blake and others. P. Goode was master of ceremonies.

JOHN H. CLARK of Philadelphia appeared at Concert Hall, Mount Holly, N. J., on Friday evening, Feb. 18, with a number of amateur sparrers, giving a two hours' exhibition with gloves to an audience of about three hundred people. The sparring was ordinary, with the exception of a three-round set-to between Johnny Clark and Lon Hinkey, which was well contested. During the performance Johnny Clark danced an Irish jig and exercised Indian clubs, drawing forth applause. William Wallace of Mount Holly is said to have made a single backward jump of 9ft. 5½in., and two continuous backward jumps measuring 17ft. 6in. from the starting-point. The music for the evening consisted of bagpipe playing by John Roantree, with organ accompaniment.

AQUATIC.

AN ICEBOAT RACE for the pennant of the North Shrewsbury Club was sailed on the Shrewsbury River, N. J., on soft ice, distance about twenty miles, Feb. 22, the wind and fair at starting, but afterwards nearly died away, and the winning boat, J. B. Weaver's Scud, took 1h. 1m. 3s. to complete the course. Thos. Hubbard's Breeze was second, in 1h. 1m. 38s; C. Hendrickson's Zero third, in 1h. 2m. 40s.; and Wm. Hubbard's Snowflake fourth, in 1h. 5m. 2s. The Chippy Bird was disabled by going into an airhole.

A CHALLENGE RACE for $100 a side, distance twenty miles, several turns, was sailed on the Shrewsbury River at Red Bank, N. J., between the Breeze of the North Shrewsbury Club, and the Shadow of the South Shrewsbury Club, Feb. 24. The Breeze led all the way, making the distance in 30m. 12s., and defeating the Shadow by two miles. A race for money prizes followed, over the same course, the Scud winning in 28m. 6s.; Breeze second, in 29m. 50s.; Shadow third, in 30m. 13s.

THE FAST-SAILING ICICLE, of the Poughkeepsie Iceboat Club was badly beaten by Hipe Relyea's Robert Scott, a newcomer, hailing from Athens, in a race at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., on the afternoon of Feb. 21. On the following day five yachts took a run from Poughkeepsie to New Hamburg, nine miles, the ice being soft. The Robert Scott finished four minutes ahead of the Icicle, the Avalanche and Bolus following in this order. The Snowflake was wrecked.

HARVARD has at last accepted the challenge long ago issued by Columbia for an eight-oared race between freshmen crews representing those colleges.

THE TURF.

RACING IN GEORGIA.

The Citizens' Association held a meeting at Augusta, Ga., last week, commencing on Washington's Birthday, when the first race, a mile dash, was won by Gold Bug; Georgia Boy second. Time, 1:53. The second race, a mile and a half, was won by King Nero; Lord Lyons second. Time, 2:47¾. On the 23d the first event, a selling race, 1¼ miles, was won by Guy; Redman (the favorite) second and Democrat third. Time, 2:17. The second race, three-quarter-mile heats, was won by Gold Bug in two straight heats; Oak Grove Rose second. Best time, 1:20¼. A hurdle-race was captured by Dailgaisian; Guy second. Time, 2:53¾. The first race on the 24th was mile heats, and was easily won by Long Taw in 1:52¼, 1:49½; Bravo second. A mile-and-a-half handicap was next, and was won by Fair Count, on whom the whip was used, in 2:48¾; Beeswing second. A mile dash had seven starters, and was won by Emily F.; Redman second. Time, 1:48¾. On the 24th the opening event, three-quarter-mile heats, was taken by Oak Grove Rose; Mainsail second, the first heat being a dead heat. Time, 1:21, 1:20½, 1:21¾. A selling race, one mile and an eighth, was won by Emily F.; Joe Thompson second, Guy (favorite) third. Time, 2:03.

J. RYAN SR., who for many years was a successful trainer for several of the leading racing men of the past generation, died at Gullane, Eng., Feb. 8, aged 73. He was the father of James Ryan, who trains for Mr. Houldsworth.

"OH DEAR!" exclaimed a young lady, entering a public hall the other evening, "what a dreadful odor of carburetted hydrogen!" "Mum!" said the janitor, with a puzzled countenance. "The smell of carburetted hydrogen," she explained. "That's the kind o' gin, mum," replied the janitor; "that's gone; the pipes is leaky, mum."

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

E. D. VAN SLYKE.—Solutions not correct; for Enigma No. 1,257 see the one given two weeks ago; of Enigma 1,259 the key is 1...R to K 8 sq., second or eighth move. Mr. Blackburne's end-game—didn't you find it charming? Not right in Enigma 1,260; you need some hard discipline in defending positions.

COL. A. Z. HUGGINS.—Delighted to hear so good a report. Did that last problem yield to treatment?

GEO. C. CARPENTER.—Good enough! We have discharged the commission in manner and form indicated.

THE FRIENDS of our veteran contributor Col. A. Z. Huggins will be glad to know that he has, to a good degree, recovered from his physical prostration of many months' duration, and contemplates the probability of a visit East during the coming Summer. He will be heartily welcomed.

JEAN LOUIS PRETI, whose name has been associated with chess in France for many years, died recently at the age of eighty-three, of Paris. He was the chief publisher of French chess works, and the proprietor and editor of the well-known Paris chess journal *La Strategie*.

Calcutta vs. Liverpool.

Calcutta.	Liverpool.	Calcutta.	Liverpool.
21...K R to K 5	P to K B 3	27...K to Q 5	Q to K B 3
22...K R x P	Q R x R	28...P x Kt	P-K Kt 4
23...Q K t B	P-K Kt 4	29...Q-K Kt 3	P-K R 6
24...K B-K 4	Q-K 5	30...Q-K Kt 4	Q R-K sq
25...Q Kt-B 3	K-R sq	31...Q Kt-K 4	K B x P +
26...P-K B 4	K-B sq	32...K t-Q 4	and our readers will
27...P-K B 5	Castles	please place the third decade of moves with the other two, as we shall not repeat them.	

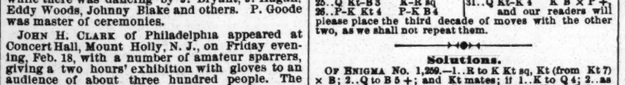
Solutions.

OF ENIGMA No. 1,252.—1...R to K sq., Kt (from Kt 7) at B; 2...Q B 8 +; and Kt mates; if 1...K to Q 4; 2...as before; 3...Q mates; if 1...B anywhere; 2...Kt to B 5 +; and Q x Q, mate; and if 1...P Queens; 2...R x; and then mates, etc. Many elegant variations. Correct solutions received from Capt. Jaffa, Lieut. Hanham and Col. Huggins, with praises of this problem. Of Problem No. 1,256—Bleach the Black Queen, then: 1...Q to R 6, R + P; 2...Q to B 6, R to R 6 +; 3...P to B 3, etc.; if 1...P to B 3; 2...Q x P, Kt to Q 8; 3...R +, etc.; and if 1...Kt to Q 6, B to R 2, P to B 6, or Kt to R 5; 2...Kt to K 3 +, and with two more checks finishes it—with many variations. After 1...P to B 3; 2...Q x P; if 2...K to his 5; 3...P to B 3 +; and it, instead, 2...R to Q 6, R x P, Kt to R 5, P to B 6, P to Kt 4, or B to B 6; 3...Kt to K 3 +, etc., etc.....Of Enigma 1,160 (not 60).—1...K R to Kt 4, B x R; 2...R x P +; 3...Q mates; if 1...Kt to B 3; 2...Q x Kt, etc.; if 1...P x R; 2...Q x P; and 3...R x P, mate; if 1...B x Q R, etc.; 2...P to Q Kt 4 +; and R mates, etc. Problem 1,260 (by T. D. J. S.)—Given last week.

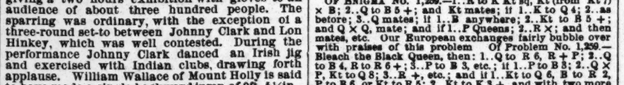
Enigma No. 1,263.

Second Prize American Fifth Congress Tourney.—"Varieties."

BY HARRY BOARDMAN.



at K 8 5, K R 2, Q B 6, Q Kt sq., and 6, Q Kt 4, Q B 3, K Kt 3.



at his 4, K B 2, K B 7, Q R 8, K R 8, Q 4, K 6, K Kt 5, K R 2.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

Problem No. 1,263.

First Prize in Detroit Free Press.

BY MONS. EMILE PRADI

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal-laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canada, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M. MONDAY, Feb. 28.

LADIES' LIST.

Ames, Pauline
Armond, Alvena
Arnold, Ella
Arlington, Spray
Annetta, Mlle.
Austin, Blanche
Bateman, Alice J.
Bradley, Eleanore (2)
Briggs, Ada
Barnes, Maude
Bigelow, Sara
Barrett, Pauline
Buckingham, Josephine
Beaumont, Nellie (2)
Bernhardt, Sarah
Cardigan, Cora (3)
Crabtree, Lotta
Claxton, Kate
Crosbie, Mrs. W. C.
Clifton, Addie
Cushing, Bella
Chapin, Minnie
Crosbie, Mrs. Arrah
Drayton, Allie
Duane, Maggie
Dillon, Louise
Drew, Mrs. John
Davenport, Fannie
Donaldson, Daisie
DeLoisie, Louise
Derious, Lizzie
Delmay, Lu-lu
DeMontague, Mrs. M. (3)
DeVoy, Josie
Duncan, Pearl
Evans, Mrs. J. S.
Foster, Maggie
Fay, Annie Eva (5)
Fisher, Jay (2)
Gardner, Kittie (2)
Goward, Wood
Gilson, Carrie
Goward Sisters
Goward, Belle (2)
Graham, Tillie
Hindle, Anne
Hyrne, Julia
Howard, Currie (2)
Howard, Minnie
Howard, Lillie (2)
Howard, Mande
Herring, Fannie
Hall, Marion
Hyers Sisters
Irving, Henrietta
Kersall, Louise
Kneass, Mrs. Nelson
Lamont, Madam (2)
Lynn Sisters
Lee, Iona
Love, Kittie
Latelle, Lizzie Sc.
Mortimer, Edith
Morien, Jennie
Mansfield, Alice (2)
Melvey, Lizzie
Meyer, Bonnie 9c.
Morris, Clara
Mason, Tillie
Mackie, Lu-LuLelair-(2)
Marshall, Florence (sketches)
Maynard, Miss E.
Mitchell, Maggie
Norwood, Marion L.
Norton, Kittie
Octavia, Millie
Oliver, Mrs. J. A.
Orne, Julian
O'Brien, May
Pixley, Annie
Persinger, Mollie
Reynolds, Fannie
Robeson, Erba
Ross, Eva
Russell, Laura
Searle, Louise
Seymour, Pearl
Starr, Ophelia
Summerfield, Susie
Shanley, Josephine
Summerfield, Maggie
Vampier, Ella
Wesner, Ella (2)
Weatherby, Jennie
Zoel, Marie (3)

GENTLEMENS' LIST.

Aiken, M. C.
Arnold, Amos
Avery, Frank
Aubrey, Robt. (3)
Aiken, F. S.
Anstead, W. H (3)
Armstrong, Harry
Anderson, Albert
Allen, A. J
Arnold, Max
American Four
Allen, W. W.
Bell, Phil
Burke, John M.
Bishop, W. H.
Barnum, Rd.
Davenport, Ed.
Dingess, John
Diabolo, Brwin
Dunlap, Benny
Durand, Jas.
Dashway, Carlos (2)
Dupree & Benedict, Lew
Dixon, And.
Denier, Tony
De Haven, Claude
Eversole, Wm.
Eugene, (late Eliza & Eugene)
Emmet, C. S.
Elbrock, Robt.
Emmerson, Clark
Daly, Ross
Eldridge, C. E.
Fisher, Theo.
Elliott, Dick
Eadon, Harry
Franciscus, J. W.
Franklin, John
French, Chas. (2)
Fagan, Barney (2)
Fredericks, Chas.
Flynn, — (of Leonard & Fly)
Freeth, J. W. 3c.
Furseman, Geo.
Fitz, Jr. G. B.
Fielding, Harry
Fielding, John
Fortescue, Geo.
Forrester, W.
Ferdinand, Prof.
Gregory, Bobt.
Gaylord, Wm.
Gallagher & Dietzel
Gray, Robt.
Gilmore, Billy
Gaylord, Jos.
Gallaghar & West
Gill, W. (comedian)
Goodwin, Nat
Gray, Mark C.
Grant, T. F.
Hilderslev, J. R.
Grimes, Frank
Gilder, Frank
Horman, J. Harry
Gaylor, Chas. (2)
Hawk, Harry
Hionet, C. C.
Heard, F. C.
Hooley, Jr., John
Hall, Alex.
Hearne & Roscoe
Herbert, Chas.
Hudson, H. B.
Hume, E. E.
Haverly, J. H.
Howard, L. F.
Herbert, Fred(2)
Hall, E. M.
Harrington, J. C.
Hertz, Carl (3)
Hudson, Harry
Hutchinson, James
Howard, Frank
Hanlon & Bruno
Haley, Thos.
Harrington, John
Hilo, Jno.
Hennessey, Frank
Holbrook, A. M.
Hoey, John F.
Howe Brothers
Hogers, E. G.
Herbert Bros.
Herbert, Fred
Harris & Wood
Hilliard & Demott
Hogan Bros.
Hayes, J. J.
Heywood, Jas.
Huntley, J. H.
Holland, H. W (2)
Hernandes, C. B.
Hall, Chas. J.
Howard, Jno.
Hall, Chas. A.
Jukes & Nathans
"Journalist"
Jennings, John
Joe, — (man-tur tle)
Kelly, W. J.
Kelly, Thos.
Knox, Dr.
Keller, C.
Kennard, T. W. (3)
kent, Julien
Lee, Barney
Kerr, John W.
Kremer, Gus
Kelly, J.
Kersands, Billy
Lord & VanLeur
Laney, Thos. J.
Clapham, A.
Carey, — (of C. & Carey)
Cody, Hon. W. F.
Clooney & Ryan
Carlton, Frank
Davenport, Geo.
Daniels, —(of Paris)
Dixon, —(of Dixon)
Diamond, Harry(2)
Driggs, B. S.
Dashington Bros.
Dupree, C. H.
Dixon, Henry
Drew, Mrs. John
Davenport, Fannie
Donaldson, Daisie
DeLoisie, Louise
Derious, Lizzie
Delmay, Lu-lu
Kennedy, Jno. (manager)
Connors & Mc-Brade
Chrystal, Walter
Crosby, Geo.
Campbell & Burke
Callender, Chas. (2)
Coleman, I. I.
Cross, John J.
Carr, Frank B.
Clark & Edwards
Cooper & Jackson
Carey, Thos. J.
Clapham, A.
Carey, — (of C. & Carey)
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Fisher, Theo.
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Flynn, — (of Leonard & Fly)
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Furseman, Geo.
Fitz, Jr. G. B.
Fielding, Harry
Fielding, John
Fortescue, Geo.
Forrester, W.
Ferdinand, Prof.
Gregory, Bobt.
Gaylord, Wm.
Gallagher & Dietzel
Gray, Robt.
Gilmore, Billy
Gaylord, Jos.
Gallaghar & West
Gill, W. (comedian)
Goodwin, Nat
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Grant, T. F.
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Gilder, Frank
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Hawk, Harry
Hionet, C. C.
Heard, F. C.
Hooley, Jr., John
Hall, Alex.
Hearne & Roscoe
Herbert, Chas.
Hudson, H. B.
Hume, E. E.
Haverly, J. H.
Howard, L. F.
Herbert, Fred(2)
Hall, E. M.
Harrington, J. C.
Hertz, Carl (3)
Hudson, Harry
Hutchinson, James
Howard, Frank
Hanlon & Bruno
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Kelly, Thos.
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Kennard, T. W. (3)
kent, Julien
Lee, Barney
Kerr, John W.
Kremer, Gus
Kelly, J.
Kersands, Billy
Lord & VanLeur
Laney, Thos. J.
Clapham, A.
Carey, — (of C. & Carey)
Lamont, Madam (2)
Leland, Matt (7)
Lloyd, Harry
Lasegne, W.
Leavitt, M. B.
Lotto, Fred (2)
Lafayette, Pasquale
Lilles, Mr.
Lee, Robt.
Loyal, Tom
Law, Willie
Livingston, Frank
Mendel, I.
McAuley, G. W.
Marshall, W. J.
McVicar, James
Mealey, Joe
Murray, J. H. (tr-
Mack, Pete
Mack, John B.
Maxwell, Harry
Mendel, Harry
Marr Bros.
Mathews & Swann
Marion, Frank (3)
Manazer, Comique
Mew & Haverly (2)
McVey, Harry
Mitchell, John
Moore, Monte
Massett, Stephen
McGovern, M.
Mapon, —
Morton & Miles
Miller, W. A. (2)
Morton, H. H.
Murphy, Paddy
McGlon, Dan
McCrea, Frank
Morrison, Louis
Mackie, —(of Geyer & M.)
Marsh, Will L. (2)
McElroy, Jas.
Martinez, Eugene
Morris, John
Mulien, Harry
Mack, John Dutch "pie"
Mayo, Frank
McAvoy & Rogers
McIntyre, Bobb.
McNeil, W. B.
Morton, H. H.
Melnotte, Geo.
Mara, Frank
Magee, John
Newcomb & Bobby
Nobles, Milton
Norton, Geo.
Nelson, Otto
Nelson, Jack
Noyes, A. C.
Oliver, Jas.
O'Neil & Mack
Orndorff, Harry F.
Perrette, Harry
Price, Chas.
Pastor, Tony
Pearl, C. C.
Pelham, A. H.
Perine & Wood-worth
Pedanto, Thos.
Pease, Harry
Patterson, John
Pennell, R.
Phillips, Gus
Queen, Chas.
Queen, Bert
Quaglieri, Sebastian
Rogers, Robt. G.
Razzulla, Geo.
Richardson, Chas.
Rankins, R. F.
Ricketts, H. 13c.
Rooney, Pat
Rice, Alfred
Raymond, John F.
Ross, H. S.
Ryan, T. J.
Richards, Geo.
Rahn, Oscar
Rajade, Leon
Rogers, E. G.
Redmond, Joe
Ryan, Edward 15c.
Ross, Wallace
Rose, Chas.
Rapier, John
Sayers, J.
Saddler, Tom
Sheppard, John J.
Stoperan, W. m.
Scanlon, J. J.
"Satan"
Somerville & Holcomb
Sleeper, Hal
Sherrick, Jack
Sebastian, Romeo
Spear, Howard
Sharp, Ed.
Seymour, O. T
Sullivan & F.
Sweet, Sidney
Stowe, Frank
Stowe, Will H. (3)
Sheridan, Dan (3)
Sheridan, Wm.
Sylvester, Harry
Shay, Harry
Sparks, John G.
Sears, W. P.
Sayers, Tom
Thomas, A. T.
Taylor, C. W.
Thompson, Jno.
Tracy, Dan 16c.
Townsend, H. B.
Tillotson, Chas.
Thomas, A. G.
Turner, John M.
Thorne, Joseph (3)
Thomas, A. T.
Taylor, C. W.
Thompson, Jno.
Tracy, Dan 16c.
Townsend, H. B.
Tillotson, Chas.
Thomas, A. G.
Turner, John M.
Thorne, Joseph (3)
Vampier, Lee
Virginia Trio
Vinson, James
White, Joseph
West, Frank
Wallace, Harry
Waldon, Jos.
Woods, Murray
Woodville, Jas.
Wilson, Horace
Whaling, Harry(2)
Waldron, John
Wilson & Ford
Washburn, L. W.
Wright, Malden
Weston, Morris
Wise, — (pantomimist)
Wingfield, John (2)
Worden, John
Whitford, G. W.
Welch, C. H.
Wells, Chas. B.
Weldon, Billy
Yaser, Sam
Young, Joe
Young America
Zanfretta, Mons.(2)
Zeltner, Xavier

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[With a view of relieving the pressure upon our regular "ANSWERS to Correspondents" column, we propose to insert therein all questions relating to amusements. Such queries as relate to other matters will be answered in our regular columns, and should be written on separate slips of paper from those containing information concerning amusements. No answer at all will be made, orally, by mail or telegraph, to any question that we may have reason to think improper, or intended to annoy others. All such will be answered publicly, through our columns.—ED. CLIPPER.]

☞ QUESTIONS THAT DO NOT REACH THIS OFFICE UNTIL MONDAY MORNING WILL NOT BE ANSWERED UNTIL THE FOLLOWING WEEK.

To Our Authorized Correspondents.

In order to avoid mistakes, we request you always to write your letters upon separate pieces of paper, instead of embodying them in your letters.

F. H., Brooklyn.—1. Grease-paints are now used altogether. 2. Address Ed. James, whose card see elsewhere, for "The Art of Making Up." 3. He can answer for you that recitation, if it is published. 4. He is tall enough. 5. Pronounced soo-brett. 6. See answer to "J. D., Harpsville," and apply it to Charles Thorne Jr.

6. We are not aware that Gus Levick is married. 7. Agnes Booth is sparingly related to Edwin, in the sense that she is the step-daughter of Edwin's half-brother. 8. Miss Katie Mayhew is temporarily in retirement. 9. As John Gilbert is the manager he pretty nearly has years, we do not hesitate to depart from our rule so far as to give his age, which is about seventy-two. 10. There are probably a number of lawyers in Europe named Smith, but not seventy-two, and we think we could name one or two on this side, were we to go into a committee of gray hairs upon the subject.

CONSTANT READER, Boston.—1. An attachment from the shoulders or in front of the player holds the harmonica. 2. Through a card in THE CLIPPER, by application to managers or agents. 3. From about $30 per week up. 4. First moisten the hands with water, then take a small quantity of the powdered cork, and after rubbing well with the hands, apply to the face and neck. The eyes should be kept closed, and care should be taken that no powder be placed near them. Remove the cork from the palms of the hands with a wet rag. 5. We never give the salary of any named performer.

A. CHOOK, Albany.—1. What is "The Black Crook" has been treated of in THE CLIPPER ALMANAC. Furthermore, how long it ran was mentioned in this column in our issue of Feb. 19. Nothing has been said in THE ALMANAC about "The White Fawn" and hundreds of other plays, because they did not enjoy runs that we call remarkable, whatever we may think of them; one hundred and seventy-five nights for a piece to run. 2. "The Crook" was first produced Sep. 12, 1866, and "The White Fawn," in 1868. 3. As it was seen at Niblo's Garden, was first produced Jan. 17, 1870.

J. A. G., Louisville.—Miss Kate Ellaler first played "La Cigale" in Cleveland, O., in 1878. Nothing has been said in print as to probable that she played it in your city. We cannot say whether she did or not. It may have been her that the other lady mentioned in it may have seen in Pittsburgh, but at Macauley's during the week of Jan. 20-25, 1879. Miss Ellaler began an engagement at the Opera-house, that city, Jan. 25, 1879, but we never saw her. You did not say that action any character that she played that week. The best can be decided more easily in your city than here.

H. H. G., Brooklyn.—1. We do not remember that there was scarcely any more reason that Dumbleton's party should be mentioned than a dozen others of that period. All have been frequently mentioned in the columns of THE CLIPPER. 2. You are in slight error as to the other matter, of what the least said is print the better. There were a number of those troupes also. You did not see that performance in the Chatham Theatre. It was in the Franklin Museum, formerly the Franklin Theatre, in Chatham-square.

A SUBSCRIBER, Petersburg.—The Fanny Kemble you doubtless are thinking of is a lady seventy years of age, who has done nearly all that was formerly an actress. She retired from the stage about thirty-three years ago. She is the daughter of the famous Charles Kemble, who was himself a star, and the Fanny Kemble is Kemble. She was at one time the wife of Pierce Butler of South Carolina.

MRS. WILLIAM B. ENGLISH.—Any friend of this lady who sees this will please endeavor to advise her that we have been on daily receipt of letters that will make applications for the Local Directory of Philadelphia, and nothing will fit with proper vouchers, that matter as to which she was unsuccessful many months ago will be considered. As they have been published in our columns, authorities are now in possession of the information, and we cannot undertake to look up back numbers of our columns.

C. H. P., Springfield.—1. Dave Wambold the singer is living. 2. See regular answers.

A READER, Madison.—Willie Edouin is a comedian, not a contortionist. No answers by mail.

OLD READER, Chicago.—Apply to whoever you heard recite it.

R. W. P., Newark.—There were bird-imitators on the variety stage of this country at least thirty-five years ago.

C. T. W., Baltimore.—Thomas Hanlon the gymnast died in 1868.

INQUIRER, Philadelphia.—Marie Piccolomini came here in 1858.

SEVERAL READERS, St. Louis.—They are not related, we believe.

A. F., Brooklyn.—Harris, formerly of Harris and Carroll, is now managing a theatre in Boston.

NELLIE.—Excuse us. We are apprehensive as to your object.

H. E., Pekin.—The Boston Peace Jubilee that probably you mean was held in 1872. No answers by mail.

A. B. R., Texarkana.—In four lines, sixty cents for each insertion.

A SUBSCRIBER, Clarksburg.—Watch our dramatic columns.

U. B., Boston.—We must decline to express an opinion.

EGROG, Worcester.—Address Ed. James, whose card see, F. & C., Chicago.—Address her in care of THE CLIPPER.

PAINTER, Cleveland.—We know of no such book.

J. S., Chicago.—We cannot find a song of that name.

C. H. P., Springfield.—Advertise for a position.

R. S. V. P., Philadelphia.—It is uncertain.

J. D., Harpsville.—According to her own account of late, and according to a sketch of her published upwards of a dozen years ago, she is forty; but we decline to say whether she is or not. We prefer not to give the ages of professionals, more especially ladies.

H. D., Easton.—1. He should give you as many days' notice as possible of his inability to fulfill his contract. 2. We should say that you would hold him responsible for the rent; but the question is more properly one for an Ohio lawyer.

G. E. J., Louisville.—1. See answer to "J. D., Harpsville." It used to be published of her that she was born in 1847; but we do not say that she was. 2. We do not know who is the oldest actor on the stage. See answer to "F. H., Brooklyn."

W. W., Ottawa.—1. There is in this country no training school for the dramatic profession, except in the sense that everyone who gives lessons calls his pupil or pupils a school. 2. Advertise for such a situation.

L., Titusville.—1. English, we believe. Our record runs from the time he was a boy in England. He had a brother who was a violinist in Australia. 2. Usually pronounced Lee-vee.

F. J., Boston.—1. Eloise Allen is in retirement. 2. Mack, formerly of Sheridan and Mack, is traveling in variety theatres as a sketch-artist, in conjunction with his wife.

MRS. E. H. S.—They advertise that their address is in care of THE CLIPPER office. When our amusement columns do not show where they are, you should address them as directed.

ST. JAMES.—The place was never opened by that person. The present Fifth-avenue Theatre stands on a portion of the site of the St. James Theatre, which had been Apollo Hall.

ROMEO AND JULIET, St. Louis.—Please state the "novel bet," so as to guide us. Ristori has played in this country at three different periods, covering a space of eight or nine years.

G. W., Olney.—1. If you have curiosities, you had better advertise them. 2. By watching our circus columns from week to week, you may be able to ascertain the addresses of such parties.

SCHEPARD, Brooklyn.—We do not know where you can get those plays in manuscript, but in all likelihood you can get them in print of whoever sells plays.

R. G. F., Leavenworth.—We have no idea where he is. If you have not heard from him since 1870-2, it might not be a bad idea to advertise for him.

E. S. T., Cincinnati.—You are wrong. Christine Nilsson made her American debut at Steinway Hall, this city, Sept. 19, 1870.

S. E., St. Louis.—Julia Gris, the singer who was here with Mario, did have a mother who was also a singer. Her maiden name was Judith.

E. D., Davenport.—It is probable that Miss Florence Abeeche has left the profession. When last we heard of her, she was singing in Philadelphia.

MRS. ANNIE WOOD, whose address is No. 7 Holland place, Philadelphia, wishes the address of Tim Rosean, Irish comedian.

A. Q., Baltimore.—There is a comic song "You are Always Sure to Catch Them, or Ph'el, Ph'at." Apply to M. A. Pond & Co., 25 Union square, New York.

CLIO CLUB, Columbus.—1. You can make clown white out of common whiting. 2. Oxide of zinc is poisonous. 3. See answer to "C. T. W., Galesburg."

W. H. S., Portland.—1. Address Simmonds & Brown, this city, as to L. F. Barrett. As to the other matters, address John Havlin or C. J. Whitney, Detroit, Mich.

B. F. S.—We do not remember to have heard of him since his admission to the Bar. Probably he is dead shortly after he had got a new partner.

F. J. D., Owasso.—Advertise for the talent you want. We do not recommend performers, and do not answer questions by mail.

MRS. S., Boston.—No answers by telegraph or mail. The whereabouts of prominent troupes or performers are always to be found by consulting our amusement pages.

K., Brooklyn.—There were no prizes contended for. Each of the members of the different bands received a commemorative medal.

T. C., Windham.—Of A. Pond, 25 Union square, New York, has a full line of these instruments. They are imported.

T. F. R., Peoria.—1. Dave Wambold the singer is living. 2. See regular answers.

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INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, Feb. 28, '81.

To-day and to-morrow, if our almanacs are to be relied on, will wind up the season's social festivities, and make way for the Lenten term, which begins with Ash Wednesday, March 2, and terminates with Easter Sunday, April 17. In former years theatrical managers dreaded the advent of Lent, as it seriously interfered with the receipts at the box office, and if those who catered for our amusement were able to pull through the forty days and forty nights they were satisfied. During the past few years, however, the season of Lent has not been so hurtful to theatrical interests as formerly, and managers—or at least some of them—come out of it driving quite a handsome share of profit in their favor, so that we see fewer mournful faces in the front, among the officials, than we had been accustomed to see in the olden days.....Inauguration-day likewise comes on next week, and thousands of us are already wending our way to Washington to take part in the swearing-in of President James A. Garfield, and so the capital of the nation will be jammed with patriots and office-seekers on Friday, the 4th of March. A wideawake showman has just expressed his regrets to us that he could not buy the privilege of fencing in that city, and charging a dollar a head for all who sought passage through the portals. Possibly he overrates the political importance will be there, with his wife and children, and cousins. The gentleman who proclaimed himself "a bigger man than old Grant," and was omitted from the invitation list, will be there; the female lobbyist will be there in all her glory, diamonds, and sealskin sacques; the trader will be fully represented by wire-workers, screw-drivers, axe-grinders, joiners, cabinet-makers, etc.; indentertakers and their numerous staff will be in force, and thousands of guileless newspaper reporters will be on hand to take note of the proceedings and print them. General Hancock will be there, and the two will then will shake hands together, and the hands will be the happy family to sweet repose, and the ins and outs of office will fall upon one another's breasts and sob their souls out gently there. The many gentlemen who were the Blue Jeans Brigade of Garfield will be present, with big sunflowers in their buttonholes and bandana handkerchiefs around their necks. Oh, it will be a rare show—a show to paralyze the stoutest heart, and cover Washington with woe. Well, well, never mind, Jimmy, we have been assured, will not run out; and every visitor who has the price of a good meal or a quiet lunch can refresh and pay, and travel on; there will be no starving there, and the placid waters of the Potomac will be ample to quench the thirst, should other fluids fail. The theatres of Washington ought to profit by this great addition to its population, and managers ought to make sufficient to buy a three-per-cent. bond..... This certainly is to be an eventful year everywhere. In this city another go-as-you-please is now under way, and our excitable citizens are on the lookout for every item of news concerning the contention. Prominent pedestrians are followed along the streets as if they were circus performers, and Dan O'Leary would be elected President of the United States if the young athletes had their way in the matter. Hooray! .....They say that Tostee was to have come out with him the coming season the most talented troupe that ever entertained his patrons in those places to which he and his company make their annual pilgrimage. Singers, dancers, actors, and acrobats, and all of them the best, will be in the party queen-bees, and not a drone among them.

IN MEMORIAM.

"Fold the hands tenderly over her breast,"
Raise the form fondly, heavy's the load—
Two hundred and ten she weighed when at rest:
Sleep, Della, sleep lightly is thy present abode.

.....What a wonder! Not a single one of Washington's old nurses was advertised for exhibition on the 22d! What's the matter? Has she all died out?.....The go-as-you-please competition now going on in Madison-square Garden is rather monotonous, and we fear, unless it is otherwise than a very close contention. The boys must keep close together, or the attendance *will* drop off. Therein lies the hope of the theatres.....Since their return from Europe Forepaugh's Forty-horse-power Mastodons are more Mastodonious than ever, and they do things that were never dreamed of before in our minstrelian philosophy.....An old bullposter is informed that it is not permissible to post circus showbills on the obelisk in Central Park. Some two or three thousand years ago Egyptian sideshowmen might have secured the privilege of decorating the Needle with their illustrated paper; but the same laws do not rule here, and therefore such privileges are not purchasable. The Vanderbilts are putting up a pair of new houses on Fifth avenue, and a smart poster might see his opportunity to embellish the walls of those edifices with his circus pictorials. We charge nothing for the suggestion, and feel pretty well assured by the truthful advertisements of the San Francisco Minstrels that, owing to the crowded condition of their auditorium, hundreds of people nightly bring ladders, and, setting them against the outer wall of the opera-house, enjoy from the same in order that they may obtain a look at their favorites by peeping in at the windows. We believe this fact every time that Messrs. Birch & Backus publish it. Well, this feat has just been eclipsed at the Academy of Music, Haydn. A concert was given there on Washington's Birthday, and a couple of small boys, with a love of music pervading their souls, found, when they reached the door entrance, that they were without the means with which to gain admission. They played the "I am blind" game, but it was too easily seen through; then they tried to get jobs to hold horses, but there were no horses; nothing would do for their good. What was to be done? Happy thought! They saw the tin spout leading to the roof; they went for it, and ascended the shaky old thing like a tarry-topsight in a gale of wind. They gained the roof. Then they proceeded to the skylight, which was open, disclosing the stage and its occupants to the bewildered eyes of those two little boys. All seemed bright and cheerful as the little fellows sprawled full length on the tin roof, and looked down upon the brilliant scene. They had even commenced to eat peanuts, when lo! police-officers appeared upon the scene and dispelled their brief dream of bliss by gathering them in. Evidently the management of the boys was not to their but we don't believe it. Their only crime was in loving music not wisely, but too well.....There is not a word of truth in the report that a dealer in animals has secured a number of harmless minus tails, and will shortly exhibit a specimen of wise making them up to look like Bengal tigers, zebras and unicorns. No legitimate dealer in animals would resort to anything so mean to mislead his customers, and through them the public. Another vicious lie nailed to the mast. Next!.....The latest new thing at Wallack's, "The Top Crust," as "Our Jim" calls it, is another added to the list of unsuccessful productions at that house this season. The "model theatre of America" seems to have lost its grip, so to speak. Even the vulgarities of "Where's the Cat?" failed to arouse any enthusiasm. The successor of his illustrious predecessor may not find things at this place very encouraging. When he comes to take hold and run it on the German plan. Friends will please omit flowery tributes.

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

The violin-player Sarasate has been giving concerts in PARIS.....Possibly this is consoling news for Stuart Robson. Bret Harte's "Two Men of Sandy Bar," produced in Berlin under the title of "The Lost Son," has failed to commend itself to the German critics, whose opinion seems to be that Harte's humor is unsuited to stage representation.....Rubinstein is to make four concert tours this Spring. Three of them will be in Portugal, France and England. The other, in Spain, has already begun.....In an address delivered at the Philharmonic Thomas laments that music of so low a grade should be played by the orchestras between the acts at our theatres, even in the case of Wagner. The anniversary of the establishment of the Collegium Musicum Ultrasectinum at Utrich is to be celebrated on April 29. This shall be a musical society exclusively for Wagner's music must be becoming more and more popular in Paris. It is performed at every important concert, and its most violent, provoken bisses. Mr. Augustus Ward will again leave us for England on May 18 .....A Boston paragraph denies that W. D. Howells is going abroad next Summer. It is declared in this city that he has just leased a residence in Boston and moved into it.....The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan" is the title of an opera recently offered to Mr. Theodore Thomas. Its composer is an Englishman, S. Villiers Stanford.....In Caracas, Venezuela, rejoices in a new opera-house. It was erected under the auspices of Guzman Blanco, and was opened on Jan. 1 last.....The lawyer who in 1876 procured in Utah a divorce for Miss Irene Worrell is now sorry he did so, as he has since been disbarred for "professional services, she resisting payment on the ground that Utah divorces are inoperative. The Chicago judge before whom the case was heard decided that she was entitled to nothing in return for having procured nothing for the lady.....A Chicago paper states that Thomas Keene will produce Gustave Blasbo's play that recently married Miss Lizzie Mulholland, one of Leavitt's burlesque actresses.....In the Court of Special Sessions on Feb. 22, before Justice Hogan, at the Bowery Theatre, this city, was fined twenty-five dollars for having admitted three boys into his theatre on Jan. 29, while at Manager Mace's office, on the same day, Mrs. Augusta Fisher, manages the Volks' Garden of this city, was held for trial for having on Feb. 21 admitted her theatre Willie and Freda Morton, who are but ten and eleven years of age, respectively, and who were not, as the law requires, accompanied by a guardian.....Madge Kendal, the English juvenile actress, was thrown from her carriage on Feb. 25 and severely hurt.....Andrew Booth complains that in Dublin he has been criticised by "pedantic asses." Oh! if that were said of us, however, it means.....At the London, on Feb. 25, one of the "Three Graces" in the burlesque of "Ixion" made a feint of turning a back-somersault and landing upon the shoulders of a second member of the party, who stood upon the shoulders of a third, who was supported on the neck. As it was, he was stunned by his fall of about fourteen feet onto the back of his head, and had to be carried off. It is not likely that any of the ladies attempting serious will result from this feat, whose innate difficulty and risk are not really appreciated by the spectators. If a lady in the column tries hard to catch the somersaulter, there is necessarily a balance partly destroyed; while, on the other hand, if he stands as still as a statue, she is powerless to help the somersaulter striking heavily against No. 2's shoulders. It No. 1 ever becomes suddenly weak in the knees, there is little chance for anything but the fatal fall.....Mr. Anschek, who has been away from this city long enough to have made her a novelty here, is to begin an engagement at Booth's Theatre on Feb. 28.....Miss Marie Prescott last week, in Covington, Ky., began a suit for divorce against Edward J. Burke, alleging abandonment.....Willing as the Fall-season appears to be, Mr. and Mrs. Paul, Herrmann the magician, his wife, one of the Lorellas and Valraz the ventriloquist were arrested for gambling in the Mohawk House, Schenectady, on Feb. 24. The party were playing ying-tan, and they claim that the silver they showed was used in keeping a tally of the game. A minister on the premises succeeded in doing Mr. Burt did all that was possible with the actor De Angelles. Edwin Barry's singing in the concert-hall scene was a pleasing feature, and Miss Annie Mack was quite satisfactory as Lucinda, although the role was best played by Miss Lillian Conway. Another important as that of Mrs. Lochmuller, previously played by her.

HAD HIS LEG BROKEN.—Early in the evening of Feb. 21, as Digby V. Bell, the well-known actor and vocalist, was going down the steps of a downtown car, while crossing Fifth-avenue at Twenty-third street, he was knocked down by a horse attached to a car, and after he fell the animal stepped upon one of his legs, breaking it in two places. He was at once placed in a carriage and driven to the residence of his sister uptown, where he received surgical attendance. Mr. Bell was to have played Jack Polo in "Cinderella at School" in Daly's Theatre, where it was to have been produced Feb. 28 but for this accident, which caused its postponement until March 5, when John Brand will act Jack Polo. A long time must necessarily elapse ere Mr. Bell can resume his profession.

"OLIVETTE" has been performed to excellent business at the Fifth-avenue Theatre during the past week, the last of the present engagement of the Comley-Barton Company, who will be heard here again in April. The Strakosch-Hess Opera Company open to-night, Feb. 28, in an English version of Boito's "Mefistofele." The bill of the week also includes "William Tell" on Tuesday evening, "Carmen" Wednesday, "Trovatore" Thursday, "Mignon" Friday, "Bohemian Girl" matinee and "Faust," Saturday evening. Marie Roze, Ostava Torriani, Abbie Carrington, Laura Schirmer, Louise Annandale, and Messrs. Arthur Byron, G. Perrini, W. Carleton, Geo. A. Conly, G. A. Hall and others are in the casts.

DYING IN A THEATRE.—Shortly after the commencement of the matinee performance in Tony Pastor's Theatre Feb. 22, a young man occupying a seat in the gallery was seen to suddenly fall back. A person sitting next to him spoke to him, but received no answer. Police-captain McDonnell and a policeman removed the invalid to the vestibule, and, a stretcher having been sent for, he was placed upon it and conveyed to the Prince-street station; but he died of heart disease before he reached there. His name was James McGowan, and he was a clerk by occupation and 28 years of age.

"NEEDLES AND PINS," a funny little sketch by Frank Dumont, was produced by the San Francisco Minstrels Feb. 21. It does not caricature any of the incidents of "Needles and Pins," as might be supposed from its title. The piece was written by Nathan Kaufman, and sung by H. W. Frillman; "Last Night I Was Dreaming of You," by Stanley Grey; and "You Ask Me to Forget You," by H. W. Roe. A good business has been done.

MAX SCHNEIDER, the popular tenor and comedian of the Thalia Theatre Company, died of typhoid fever Feb. 26, after a two weeks' illness. His last appearance was on the 12th, when he supported Miss Geistinger in "Three Pairs of Shoes" as Lorenz Flinz, the shoemaker. He had an excellent European reputation before making his appearance here, where he was speedily in high favor. He was a native of Germany, and about thirty years of age at the time of his death. The funeral took place on the 28, and a mark of respect the Thalia Theatre was closed that evening.

"BILLEE TAYLOR" is one of the attractions of the town, and is drawing large audiences to the Standard Theatre. No inconsiderable part of the fever it has met with must be ascribed to the excellent manner in which it has been put upon the stage, and there are no more charming or animated pictures given at any theatre in the city than are presented in this delightful little musical comedy.

ALBERT M. KINGSLAND, chief-usher at Booth's Theatre, was recently presented by his associates with an elegant gold badge as an emblem of his office.

THE DESIRE upon the part of the public to enjoy the hilarious fun of "Needles and Pins" at Daly's Theatre apparently continues unabated.

"OLIVETTE" was sung for the last time in Haverly's Fifth-avenue Theatre Feb. 26, the attendance at the final representations having been liberal.

"CINDERELLA AT SCHOOL" is the new musical comedy, is to be given at Daly's Theatre for the first time March 5.

NELL BURGESS' "WIDOW BEDOTT" COMBINATION closed a season of two weeks in the Bijou Theatre Feb. 26.

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Williams of English's Opera-house, Indianapolis, is connected with the Boston Job-printing Office and the Globe Theatre, met with an accident 23 in falling upon the icy street and spraining an ankle. So serious was the injury that he was sent to his home in a carriage, and will be confined for some days.....
Henry Morrison, comptroller of the Boston Theatre, was made the recipient of a congratulatory note and a purse of $200 in gold from a few of his many friends on attaining his sixty-fourth birthday, 24, while Managers Tompkins and Stetson were in the office presenting a handsome easy chair.....Manager McFadden of the Novelty Theatre left for New York 24 on a tour of inspection.....
The fourth annual engagement of Mary Anderson at the Boston Theatre, which closed 26, was the most profitable ever played by her in this city, the audiences ruling extremely large during the whole of the week and on four evenings, and at the Saturday matinee the theatre was crowded. For Miss Anderson's benefit Saturday night "The Lady of Lyons' was given, George Riddle making his reappearance on the dramatic stage as Claude Melnotte. The attendance was so large that the orchestra were forced to leave their places and play between the acts upon the stage, while many auditors were obliged to content themselves with lobby standing-room.....The report is contradicted that the late Parisian success 'Zoe Chien-Chien' is to be done here.....
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CINCINNATI, O., DRAMATICS to Feb. 26 run as follows: "The opera festival at Music Hall had a disastrous effect on business at all the theatres but Heuck's. At the Grand, Samuel Piercy, Lewis Morrison and Annie Graham in 'The Legion of Honor' did a miserable business. Rice's Surprise Party opens 28.....The Bernhardt matinee at the Grand 23 realized $3,500.....M. B. Curtis opened at Pike's Opera-house 21 in 'Sam'l of Posen.' The attendance was quite good. Prof. Hartwig Seeman, magician, follows 28.....Managers Mies & Ballenberg have gone to St. Louis to attend the departure of the Soldene Troupe to California, whither Mr. Ballenberg accompanies them. A huge amount of baggage was shipped from here this week.....Baker and Farron opened at Heuck's 21, and have had packed houses all the week, standing-room only being displayed nightly. Hyde & Behman's Company follow 28. 'Hearts of Oak' March 7, Oliver Dond Byron 14, George S. Knight 21.....Anthony & Ellis' Uncle Tom's Cabin' party have drawn fair houses at cheap admission to Robinson's Opera-house. The Topsy of Minnie Foster and the Marks of Dan Hart were good impersonations, and the play was nicely rendered as a whole."

GENEVIEVE WARD achieved her first financial and artistic success in Philadelphia at the Chestnut-street Theatre the past week. "Forget-me-not," produced Feb. 21 for the first time in that city, will not soon be forgotten by the large audiences that witnessed it, by reason of Miss Ward's remarkably powerful and elaborate portrayal of Stephanie. In this part she revealed capabilities of which her previous impersonations in that city had not even hinted, and her acting was a most agreeable surprise. In the scene where she compares Sir Horace Welby's past to her own, and shows that he is as unfit as she is for association with a pure and innocent young girl, she carried all before her, and fairly electrified her auditors with the terrible intensity of her passion. Again, when Sir Horace draws the curtain and shows her the Corsican spy, whom she believed to be dead, her terror was almost painful. Indeed, her performance throughout was one of great strength, particularly deserving commendation for its rare force of identification and spontaneity. Frank Clements as Sir Horace Welby was too stilted and stagey, being sadly lacking in vitality and naturalness. Horace Lewis seemed overweighted by Prince Malleotti, but Mr. Dade was very realistic as Barrato, the Corsican. Cora Tanner surrounded the part of Alice Verney with an atmosphere of purity and sweetness that made itself instinctively felt, and Miss Le Claire supplied laugh-making material in the comedy part of Mrs. Foley. A special matinee of "Forget-me-not" was given on Washington's Birthday, on which occasion, as also at the evening performance of the same day, Miss Ward, in the costume of Martha Washington, recited the "Star-spangled Banner." The house was crowded at every performance of the week. Same bill till March 7, when Sol Smith Russell begins his second engagement of the present season in "Edgewood Folks."

As a matter of record, the full cast of "Forget-me-not" is appended: Sir Horace Welby, Frank Clements; Alice Verney, Cora S. Tanner; Mrs. Foley, Laura Le Clair; Barrato, a Corsican, Charles Dade; Prince Malleotti, Horace Lewis; Servant, Percy de Winters; porter, Walter Morgan.

"POOR PANNON OPPAH, OR SEEING SWITZERLAND," will be produced at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, for the first time in that city, Feb. 28, by Smith & Mestayer's New Comedy Company, including Emerson, Clark and Sally Brown.

PHILADELPHIA LODGE, No. 2, B. P. O. OF ELKS, will give an invitation sociable to their lady-friends—the second since their organization—March 12. The entertainment will probably take place at the Chestnut-street Theatre.

THERE WAS NOTHING NEW among the dramatic attractions presented in Boston, Mass., during the expired week. The engagement of Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin in "The Danites," says our correspondent, "has been one of the notable successes of the season at the Park Theatre, which was crowded at each performance. The scenery, by J. S. Schell, all of which was new, was elaborately gotten up, the mountain-views particularly being beautiful by their rugged and picturesque grandeur. The Danites' will be played another week, commencing 28, and will be followed March 7 by Bartley Campbell's 'Galley Slave' Combination.....Salsbury's Troubadours opened a week's engagement in the Globe Theatre 21 in 'The Brook' before a fair-sized audience. The attendance increased at later performances. Numbers from 'Olivette,' sung in the second act, were twice and thrice encored. The one thousand five hundredth performance of 'The Brook' was the most profitable ever played by her in this city, the audiences ruling extremely large during the whole of the week and on four evenings, and at the Saturday matinee the theatre was crowded. For Miss Anderson's benefit Saturday night 'The Lady of Lyons' was given, George Riddle making his reappearance on the dramatic stage as Claude Melnotte. The attendance was so large that the orchestra were forced to leave their places and play between the acts upon the stage, while many auditors were obliged to content themselves with lobby standing-room.....The report is contradicted that the late Parisian success 'Zoe Chien-Chien' is to be done here.....
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Bartley Campbell, who preceded his company, arrived 26.....Sara Moreton will play Hazel Kirke with Januauschek during her coming engagement at the Park Theatre.....The Kirafly spectacle 'Around the World' is one of the proposed Summer attractions at Oakland Garden.....The benefit to the veteran John P. Adams will take place at the Gaiety Theatre afternoon of March 18.....The Jollities Combination were to have returned to the Gaiety Theatre for week of 7, but owing to the success of 'Olivette' have postponed their engagement till later in the season.....Dion Boucicault arrived 26, and during that day and evening visited two of our theatres.'

WASHINGTON.—Our Troy correspondent sends the following: "Washington's Birthday witnessed the first and only appearance at the Griswold Opera-house of the most remarkable troupe of performers remembered in Troy. It was styled the 'Howard Family.' The bills—which, by-the-bye, were marvels of backwoods typography—announced William Howard, manager; J. T. Howard, director of amusements; Prof. E. T. Howard, musical director; Dr. J. H. Porter, scenic artist; Harry Weston, advance representative. The bills further proclaimed the repertory of the company to embrace 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'Two Orphans,' 'Rip Van Winkle,' 'The Hunchback,' 'East Lynne,' 'Serious Family,' 'Minnie Hand,' and 'Flyer-ette,' and asserted in big type that this was the only company on the American continent who give twelve performances a week.' At the matinee of that holiday a hundred auditors were present. The performance opened with a scene from 'Richard III' by 'Dr.' and Miss Emma Potter. The doctor wore a street-suit and had a sword buckled about his waist. He also wore silver-gray whiskers. Miss Emma wore a street-dress of black velvet. In fifteen minutes the 'Dr.' read and sang as only the late Count Joannes could and Dr. Landis can, while the voice of the alleged maiden was not audible beyond the first row of seats. At intervals of two minutes, each would cross the stage, and this was the limit of the acting. 'The Serious Family,' in three acts, followed, the 'Dr.' doing Aminadab Sleek in street-dress, save a huge white hat, and a chap styled Will Howard doing Captain Murphy Maguire in uniform, but carrying a street-hat of the Derby pattern in his hand. The play was mangled beyond recognition. The second part was styled 'Bric-a-brac,' and opened with ventriloquial bosh-ness by a Trojan, after which came a burlesque by Miss Marie Howard, an incompetent amateur, followed by humorous readings by Will Howard, which consisted of a Caudle lecture very tamely read from a book, a boy called Edwin Paltma followed in a wretched serio-comic song in female dress, after which came more readings and singing. The entertainment closed with a battle-scene, illuminated with red fire, during which Will Howard rode on as Washington on the outside of Mike Dundon's sorrel horse. The audience, mostly women and children, were very good-natured, but gave vent to such expressions when they reached the open air and their homes that only a handful of people will appear to witness the evening performance, and, as the orchestra struck for pay, no show was given and the party collapsed. I understand that the manager was one McCarty of Fort Plain, who has lost several hundred dollars in the snap. Some of the people are Albany amateurs. A player named Charles Wrightman arrived from Buffalo that night to join the company, and had no money to get home."

CINCINNATI, O., DRAMATICS to Feb. 26 run as follows: "The opera festival at Music Hall had a disastrous effect on business at all the theatres but Heuck's. At the Grand, Samuel Piercy, Lewis Morrison and Annie Graham in 'The Legion of Honor' did a miserable business. Rice's Surprise Party opens 28.....The Bernhardt matinee at the Grand 23 realized $3,500.....M. B. Curtis opened at Pike's Opera-house 21 in 'Sam'l of Posen.' The attendance was quite good. Prof. Hartwig Seeman, magician, follows 28.....Managers Mies & Ballenberg have gone to St. Louis to attend the departure of the Soldene Troupe to California, whither Mr. Ballenberg accompanies them. A huge amount of baggage was shipped from here this week.....Baker and Farron opened at Heuck's 21, and have had packed houses all the week, standing-room only being displayed nightly. Hyde & Behman's Company follow 28. 'Hearts of Oak' March 7, Oliver Dond Byron 14, George S. Knight 21.....Anthony & Ellis' Uncle Tom's Cabin' party have drawn fair houses at cheap admission to Robinson's Opera-house. The Topsy of Minnie Foster and the Marks of Dan Hart were good impersonations, and the play was nicely rendered as a whole."

GENEVIEVE WARD achieved her first financial and artistic success in Philadelphia at the Chestnut-street Theatre the past week. "Forget-me-not," produced Feb. 21 for the first time in that city, will not soon be forgotten by the large audiences that witnessed it, by reason of Miss Ward's remarkably powerful and elaborate portrayal of Stephanie. In this part she revealed capabilities of which her previous impersonations in that city had not even hinted, and her acting was a most agreeable surprise. In the scene where she compares Sir Horace Welby's past to her own, and shows that he is as unfit as she is for association with a pure and innocent young girl, she carried all before her, and fairly electrified her auditors with the terrible intensity of her passion. Again, when Sir Horace draws the curtain and shows her the Corsican spy, whom she believed to be dead, her terror was almost painful. Indeed, her performance throughout was one of great strength, particularly deserving commendation for its rare force of identification and spontaneity. Frank Clements as Sir Horace Welby was too stilted and stagey, being sadly lacking in vitality and naturalness. Horace Lewis seemed overweighted by Prince Malleotti, but Mr. Dade was very realistic as Barrato, the Corsican. Cora Tanner surrounded the part of Alice Verney with an atmosphere of purity and sweetness that made itself instinctively felt, and Miss Le Claire supplied laugh-making material in the comedy part of Mrs. Foley. A special matinee of "Forget-me-not" was given on Washington's Birthday, on which occasion, as also at the evening performance of the same day, Miss Ward, in the costume of Martha Washington, recited the "Star-spangled Banner." The house was crowded at every performance of the week. Same bill till March 7, when Sol Smith Russell begins his second engagement of the present season in "Edgewood Folks."

As a matter of record, the full cast of "Forget-me-not" is appended: Sir Horace Welby, Frank Clements; Alice Verney, Cora S. Tanner; Mrs. Foley, Laura Le Clair; Barrato, a Corsican, Charles Dade; Prince Malleotti, Horace Lewis; Servant, Percy de Winters; porter, Walter Morgan.

"POOR PANNON OPPAH, OR SEEING SWITZERLAND," will be produced at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, for the first time in that city, Feb. 28, by Smith & Mestayer's New Comedy Company, including Emerson, Clark and Sally Brown.

PHILADELPHIA LODGE, No. 2, B. P. O. OF ELKS, will give an invitation sociable to their lady-friends—the second since their organization—March 12. The entertainment will probably take place at the Chestnut-street Theatre.

Continued on page 395.

AMUSEMENTS.

HAVERLY'S FIFTH-AVENUE THEATRE.
Commencing Monday Evening, Feb 28,
THE STEAKOSCH-HERS GRAND OPERA COMPANY,
with
Marie Rose, Ostava Torriani, Abbie Carrington, Laura Schirmer, Louise Lancaster, Minnie Byron, Cariotge, Conly, Ferguini. Monday, Mephistophele; Tuesday, Wilhelm Tell; Wednesday, Carmen; Thursday, Trovatore; Friday, Faust; Matinee, Bohemian Girl. Saturday evening, Faust. Regular Theatre Prices. 50-1t

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE,
Eighth avenue and Twenty-third street.
POOLE & DONNELLY.....Lessees and Managers
Reserved Seats (Orchestra Circle and Balcony), 50c.
For two weeks only. Engagement of
MR. DENMAN THOMPSON,
IN JOSHUA WHITCOMB,
supported by his own dramatic company.
NEW SCENERY AND APPOINTMENTS.
MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY. [50-1t

STANDARD THEATRE,
BROADWAY AND 33D STREET.
WM. HENDERSON.....Proprietor and Manager
Every evening, Wednesday and Saturday Matinees.
Billee Taylor. E. D'Oyly Carte and E. E. Rice's
Billee Taylor. Opera Comique Company in the
Billee Taylor. Nautical Comic Opera
Billee Taylor. BILLEE TAYLOR. BILLEE TAYLOR.
Billee Taylor. "The Success of Pinafore is an
Billee Taylor. Emphatic Success" [50-1t

HAVERLY'S 14TH-ST. THEATRE.
J. H. HAVERLY.....Proprietor and Manager
POSITIVELY LAST WEEK.
"They come high, but we must have 'em."
GOODWIN'S FROLIQUES
In
HOBBIES, HOBBIES, HOBBIES,
HOBBIES, HOBBIES, HOBBIES
MATINEES WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY
In preparation. THE MARIONETTES. 50-1t

BOOTH'S THEATRE. LAST WEEK.
Positively last nights of the
GREATEST SUCCESS OF THE SEASON.
100 WIVES.
ONE HUNDRED WIVES.
100 WIVES.
MONDAY, MARCH 7,
engagement of the world-renowned tragic actress
JANAUSCHEK.
Seats ready Thursday. 50-1t

DALY'S THEATRE.
EVERY NIGHT THIS WEEK
NEEDLES AND PINS.
Matinee Wednesday.
Wednesday, March 2, 100th Performance.
Saturday Evening, March 5, FIRST NIGHT OF
CINDERELLA AT SCHOOL.
CINDERELLA AT SCHOOL.
CINDERELLA AT SCHOOL.
CINDERELLA AT SCHOOL. 50-1t

ABBEY'S (NEW) PARK THEATRE.
Every evening at 8. Matinee Saturday at 2.
SECOND MONTH—FOURTH WEEK.
AND POSITIVE SUCCESS.
JOHN T. RAYMOND,
JOHN T. RAYMOND,
in his new creation of FRESH, in A. C. Gunter's fantastic comedy of
FRESH THE AMERICAN.
HOUSE CROWDED AT EVERY PERFORMANCE. 1t

MADISON-SQUARE THEATRE,
Twenty-fourth street and Broadway.
Every evening at 8.30. Saturday Matinee at 2.
HAZEL KIRKE. 2D YEAR. HAZEL KIRKE.
HAZEL KIRKE. HAZEL KIRKE.
HAZEL KIRKE. 2D YEAR. HAZEL KIRKE.
HAZEL KIRKE. HAZEL KIRKE.
HAZEL KIRKE. 2D YEAR. HAZEL KIRKE.
HAZEL KIRKE. 50-1t HAZEL KIRKE.

HAVERLY'S NIBLO'S-GARDEN THEATRE.
LAST WEEK. LAST WEEK.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.
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TOURISTS Musical and Comedy Co. TOURISTS
TOURISTS in a TOURISTS
TOURISTS Pullman Palace-car. TOURISTS
TOURISTS Comedy!! Opera!! Burlesque!! TOURISTS
Revival of the Monday, March 7, Revival of the
Black Crook. Kiraify Bros' [1t] Black Crook.

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS.
People buying ladies' cloak in the windows.
First week of the famous celebrity
BERNARD SLOMAN,
known throughout Europe as the BIRD-MAN, in his wonderful imitations.
LAST WEEK OF BRYANT AND HOEY and
SIG. ANTONIO BACIGALUPO.
Great success of NEEDLES AND CLOTHESPINS.
Seats secured. Matinee Saturday at 2. 50-1t

NEW PARK AQUARIUM.
DAILY MATINEE AT 2 O'CLOCK.
Hurricanes of applause day and night.
THE JOHN H. MURRAY
GRAND NEW CIRCUS.
A monster bill and the very best show ever seen in New York.
No one should miss going, at least once.
Admission, 50c. Orchestra, 25c extra. Children, half-price. Doors open at 1 and 7. 47-tf

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HARRIGAN & HART.....Proprietors
JOHN R. CANNON.....Manager
EVERY EVENING AND MATINEES
UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE
HARRIGAN and HART
will present volume 6 of the Mulligan series, issued by Mr. Edward Harrigan, and entitled
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New musical compositions by Mr. Dave Braham.
New and beautiful scenery by Mr. Chas. W. Witham.
Original mechanical effects by Mr. Robert Cutler.
WEDNESDAY MATINEE. SATURDAY MATINEE.

TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE,
587 BROADWAY.
NEW COMPANY FOR MONDAY, FEB. 28.
TONY PASTOR'S BEST PROGRAMME.
A NEW COMPANY. A NEW PROGRAMME.
ENTIRE AND SPLENDID CHANGE OF BILL.
SPECIAL EXTRAORDINARY ENGAGEMENT.
THE LONDON ORDER,
from Alhambra Palace. Greatest dancer in the world.
MISS LIZZIE SIMMS,
Transformation Dancer, in her wonderful changes of character and costumes.
A NEW GRAND VAUDEVILLE COMPANY.
A THRONG OF NEW FACES.
Transformation Dancers. Moonlight at Killarney.
COUNTRY COURTSHIP. IRISH LOVE-MAKING.
Morris' Wig Changes. The Cows are in the Corn.
LAST WEEK OF PIRATES OF PENN-YANN.
MATINEES TUESDAY AND FRIDAY.
MONDAY, MARCH 7, THE BURGLAR. 50 1t

BERRY'S BROADWAY THEATRE,
WILLIAMSBURG, N. Y.
WANTED—VARIETY PERFORMERS and GYMNASTS. The following will please send in their business ten days in advance: March 7, Wm. Rightmire in "Thrown on the World." 14, N. S. Wood and J. P. Winters in "Boy Detective." 21, H. C. Dalton in "Fantastic Fancy." April 4, Herring; April 4, Miss Gasparini; 11, John Allen; 18, Geo. C. Charles; 25, Sam Ryan; May 2, Frank Jones; 9, Leonzo Sros. 50-1t

VOLKS'
VARIETY AND NOVELTY THEATRE,
190, 201 BOWERY.
MRS. PAUL FALK.....Sole Proprietress
MATINEES THURSDAY AND SATURDAY.
Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert Every Sunday Evening. 46-tf

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NEW THEATRE,
Nos. 165, 167 and 169 Bowery, New York.
Specialty Artists, Spectacular Attractions and Novelties of all Descriptions, address HARRY MINER,
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AMERICAN THEATRE,
Between 30th and 31st streets, Third avenue, New York City.
MATINEES TUESDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY.
First-class artists wishing engagements, apply at once.
46-1t DICK PARKER, Proprietor and Manager.

C. R. D.—Performers closing at Long's Gaiety Theatre, Danville, Ill., on Saturday night, can open at almost any theatre in the Union on the following Monday, as trains leave in all directions immediately after the show on Saturday night. Reduced rates furnished to all points.
50-1t* J. H. LONG,
Proprietor and Manager.

THE ANNIVERSARY BANQUET OF Philadelphia Lodge, No. 2, B P. O. ELKS, will take place on Sunday evening, March 13, 1881.
Brothers of the lodge, accompanied by their wives, are invited to be present. 50-1t

"MARY ANN, I'LL TELL YOUR MA," new comic song. Sung at Thatcher, Eyman's and Miner's weeks. Immense success. Mailed for 35 cents. LEE & WALKER, Philadelphia. 50-2t

FOR SALE CHEAP.—The late Harry Shaw's calico ball wigs; full and complete wardrobe, consisting of Ladies' Train and Short Dresses, Character Wigs, Irish, Dutch, Yankee, Negro, etc., with suits to match. Mrs. SLATE, 219 Chrystie street, New York. 50-1t*

NEW SONGS.—"Mary Ann, I'll Tell Your Ma," "Wat-Wat-Wat," "When Nobody Was Looking," "Hang Up Your Hat Behind the Door," and "O Fred, Tell Them to Stop," 10c. each. Send for catalogue. HARDING'S, 239 Bowery. 50-1t

WANTED—Fiving Horses, Tents, etc. Curiosities for hire. Address COL. WOOD, Vernon, N. J. 50-1t*

A COMEDIAN and Vocalist, with tenor voice, wanted. Permanent engagement. Salary moderate. Address Howard Clifton, Church-choir Company, Plymouth, Mich. 50-1t*

FOR SALE, all the privileges, with good overland circus and menagerie, sideshow tents, organs, five porcupines, curiosities and paintings. Also, want to buy all kinds of circus property. Address
50-1t* JAMES W. COUCH, Chicago, Ill.

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OLIVETTE. Complete opera, with libretto, stage directions, costumes, by H.
OLIVETTE. W. Montgomery, $1. Vocal selections, Sets; Waltz and Galop, each 40cts; Potpourri, 60cts.
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OLIVETTE. 25 Union square.
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FLUTE AND PICCOLO—TENOR(ON BRASS) wants engagement with circus for season. Address M. LEROY, Palmer and Oxford streets, Brooklyn, N. Y., care J. ELWIN. 50-1t*

VARIETY TALENT of all kinds wanted, especially ladies. Salary low, but sure. Address EMERY THEATRE, Roz 386, Bridgeport, Ct. 46-3t

"O FRED, TELL THEM TO STOP." 10c. Sweeping reductions in sheet music. Send for catalogue. 50-1t T. B. HARMS & CO., 819 Broadway, New York.

WANTED—Punch-and-Judy Performer, Magician, Juggler, Circassian Lady, Man with Magic Lantern; also Living Wonders. Address "J. R. H.," care of CLIPPER. 50-1t*

WANTED, LADY OR GENTLEMAN WITH SMALL CAPITAL for First-class Dramatic Company. Excellent chance for good amateur. Address G. THORNTON, Novelty Theatre, 113 Bowery, New York. 5*

CALL—THE PEOPLE ENGAGED for HOLLOWAY & ALLEN'S MERRY MINSTRELS will please be in Morristown, N. J., Monday, March 7, for rehearsal.
Wanted—Party with good specialty to sing in first-part. Good dresser. Address HOLLOWAY & ALLEN, Morristown, N. J. State lowest salary. 50-1t*

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DRAMATIC CLUBS.
A first-class Stage-director to manage rehearsals for Dramatic Clubs and a lady to play leading parts. Private lessons given during the rehearsal of any play on very reasonable terms. Address
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THE GREATEST OF ALL DRAMATICAL FIRE-KINDS, assisted by MISS FAY DE JALMA, TALENTED VOCALIST AND FIRE QUEEN. Circus and Concert Managers, this means. Address
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MISHLER says: Great Heavens! I was unprepared for this!

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In two weeks the smallest house Five Hundred and Eighty-seven Dollars. Largest house, Nine Hundred and Seventy-six.

'Tis not in mortals to command success;
But we'll do more, we'll deserve it.

THE THEATRES NOT LARGE ENOUGH TO HOLD THE PEOPLE. TWO AND THREE TICKET-SELLERS REQUIRED EVERY EVENING.

Good actions crown themselves with lasting bays.
Who deserves well, needs not another's praise.

Rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun,
To relish a joke and rejoice in a pun.

SCRANTON REPUBLICAN, FEB. 15.—A crowded house, from parquet to gallery, greeted the Barlow, Wilson, Primrose & West Mammoth Minstrels at the Academy of Music last night, and never was an audience so uproariously intoxicated with delight. The troupe is a monster, and talented much beyond the average of minstrel performers. From the going up of the curtain until the going down thereof the fun was continuous, and a broad grin was the prevailing expression of the house.

WIKESBARRE RECORD, FEB. 17.—Music Hall was a sight last night, for it was packed from "pit to dome"—the aisles, up stairs and down, were filled with those who could not obtain seats. The audience has never been exceeded in size, and never by one in better humor. The rise of the curtain was hailed with applause, the first joke with roars of laughter, and every selection in the long programme received tokens of approval. Such a throng attested the wonderful popularity of Barlow, Wilson, Primrose & West's troupe, and the performance proved that they richly deserved it.

Greatness in sway of State gives wings to aspire!
Advancement feeds ambition with desire.

HARRISBURG PATRIOT, FEB. 21.—The largest audience ever in the Opera-house assembled Saturday evening to enjoy Barlow, Wilson, Primrose & West's Minstrels. Standing-room only was announced from the box-office early in the evening, and by eight o'clock many were turned away for want of even standing-room. Over sixteen hundred persons were in attendance. The company fully sustained their great reputation, and presented a highly enjoyable performance, introducing a number of new features.

He who would ease his mortal groans
Must listen to Mill Barlow's bones;
Dull care, with body sunk and lean,
Flies, hearing Wilson's tambourine;
While all the ills that life betide
Primrose and West can dance away.

READING TIMES AND DISPATCH, FEB. 22.—The Mammoth Minstrels last evening might have used the Napoleonic utterance—"Veni, vidi, vici." The pavement and hallway were filled with an eager crowd before the ticket-offices were thrown open, and when the curtain rolled up over the sable kings of fun they found an overwhelming audience awaiting them. The first-part, consisting of sweet and catching airs, accompanied by efficient orchestral music, was the delicious seasoning of the programme. Then followed a long list of artistic specialty performances—Mr. Eddie Fox with his remarkable imitations; Mr. George Wilson with a side-splitting oration styled Progression; then a telling sketch, "The Golden Wedding," by a team of eight stars; the ventriloquist Bingham; Field and Hanson in their instrumental Genius Disguise, terminating with the broadsword combat clog by eight clog-dancers, all in good style, and a somersault on a pedestal by George W. McAnley. The final coup was a travesty on "Fun on the Bristol" called "Fun on the Brussels," giving a scene on the deck of an ocean steamer of a lively and entertaining character, such as would inevitably follow the appearance of such men as Barlow, Wilson, Fritz, Hale and party.

READING NEWS, FEB. 22.—The largest audience of the season assembled last evening at the Academy of Music to witness the performance of Barlow, Wilson, Primrose & West's Minstrels. At an early hour standing-room only was announced, and before eight o'clock many were turned away unable to get even standing-room. Two ticket-offices were required to accommodate the crowd. The troupe were received with a right royal welcome. The stage-setting in the first-part was exceedingly picturesque, representing a tropical scene, in which the palm, magnolia and vine flowers were used with artistic effect.

Thousands of hearts beat happily; and when
Our music arose, with its voluptuous swell,
Eyes looked to eyes which spoke again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell.

ALLENTOWN ITEM, FEB. 23.—WAS THERE EVER ANOTHER SUCH A MINSTREL AUDIENCE IN ALLENTOWN?—Nearly three hundred reserved seats were sold at Aschbach's before the doors opened for the minstrel performance last evening. At an unusually early hour the crowd began to assemble, blocking the hallway and pavement into the street with one of the most anxious assemblages ever seen at the Academy of Music. As soon as ticket-selling commenced there was a determined rush for all to get in at once, and the crowd was kept in check with considerable difficulty. Manager Mishler converted his overcoat pockets into a ticket-office, and manipulated the card-boards with the rapidity of a Herrmann in the hallway, and left nothing undone to accommodate the rush as much as possible. It seemed the minstrel patrons were wild for the time, and seal-skin sacques, handsome dresses, bonnets, corns, etc., were not much respected. After the audience had assembled they were packed like sardines in a box; every peep-hole was made available, and many could not even obtain a glance, and were reluctantly obliged to await until they come again. Messrs. Barlow, Wilson, Primrose & West and their large company, can well feel proud of the welcome received. They gave a satisfactory performance, and were vociferously applauded.

THE WILMINGTON NEWS, FEB. 26.—WELCOME HOME OF THE MINSTRELS.—The largest audience assembled at the Opera-house this season greeted Barlow, Wilson, Primrose & West's Minstrels last evening. The large auditorium contained over eighteen hundred persons, and roars of laughter followed each other in rapid succession. This firm and their large company appeared here on the occasion of their first performance, three years ago, and the extraordinary turnout last night forcibly demonstrated their lasting popularity among our amusement patrons, and the boys can rest assured of always having here a hearty welcome. They presented many new features, and showed that they constantly aim to present a new and varied programme.

Refined in action, speech and dress,
Assures these artists great success.

10 EMINENT ENDMEN,
2 RENOWNED INTERLOCUTORS,
8 GLITTERING CLOG-DANCERS,
10 IN THE ORCHESTRA,
20 IN THE BRASS BAND.

QUALITY AND QUANTITY COMBINED.

A CARD.—After playing the popular Mishler Circuit, comprising the best show towns of Eastern Pennsylvania, twice a season since our organization, and having found Manager Mishler's energy, discretion, liberality, popularity with press and public, and congenial companionship of much value we feel an unusual pleasure in having closed with him

RATES.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.—Agate type measure, 14 lines to an inch. Professional notices, copied from and credited to other journals, 30 cents per line, the same notices to be inserted once only. Advertisements under the head of AMUSEMENTS, 15 cents per line; Miscellaneous and Sporting Advertisements, 20 cents per line for each and every insertion. A deduction of 20 per cent. from these rates will be made for advertisements when paid for three months in advance by the advertiser. Advertising agents are not allowed this or any other deduction further than their regular commission. Cuts and displayed type in advertisements charged at the same rates for space occupied.

OUR TERMS ARE CASH.—Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.

THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first forms, 12th and eighth pages GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY, and the second, third, sixth and seventh pages on Monday evening. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all favors should reach us early on Monday to insure their insertion in that week's issue.

ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office Orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor,
P. O. Box 3,860, 88 and 90 Centre street, New York.

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THE NEW YORK

CLIPPER ALMANAC

For 1881.

can be had of all Newsdealers and Agents.

Price, 15 Cents.

It appears in the same handsome colored lithographed cover as before. In the Theatrical and Sporting Chronologies will be found a condensed but complete history of events during the past year; the fastest-time record (now generally accepted as the standard authority for the decision of disputed points) has been prepared with our usual care; and the other contents of the book are made up of new and interesting matter.

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This is simply a trick originated in his befuddled brain to bother us, as in our dealings to date we have run open accounts, one opening Jan. 13, 1880, and closed by a check from S. S. S. to balance on March 16, 1880, and another account opened March 20, 1880, and closed in the same way May 4, 1880, etc. Up to the present time our returns from sales on his music are entirely inadequate to compensate us for our trouble and expense, and, as we have just had a second edition of our catalogue (for 1880-81) printed, it can readily be seen that we might be put to considerable trouble. And now, to pay us for our kindness in helping to introduce his music, he uses us in the manner shown.

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An alleged manager publishes a card in THE CLIPPER of Feb. 12, and quotes from a Peoria paper. In justice to myself and family, I beg leave to call your attention to the following from another Peoria paper of the same date; "BEN COTTON.—The Forbes Cotton Combination played its last entertainment at Rouse's Opera-house last evening. Mr. Cotton and his wife and daughter Idalene withdrawing from the company on account of a misunderstanding with Manager Forbes. This will virtually settle the business of Forbes' show, although he takes the road again, having engaged little Camille and her parents to take the place of the Cotton Family. There is no doubt but what Mr. Forbes loses his great card when the Cotton Family leave him—in fact, they and they alone were the life of the entertainments given here, the support generally being most wretchedly bad. Ben Cotton and the talented little Idalene are sure of a warm reception whenever they visit Peoria, as they never fail to please, and we hope to see them again ere long with a company to support them that will keep an audience interested at least while the stars are making their changes in dress."—PEORIA FREEMAN, Feb. 6, 1881. N. B.—My daughter is in excellent health and voice, and I have no idea "of returning to the minstrel stage" at present.

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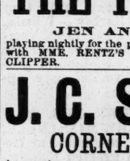

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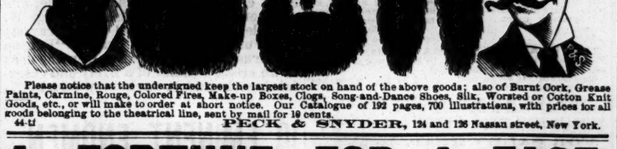

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